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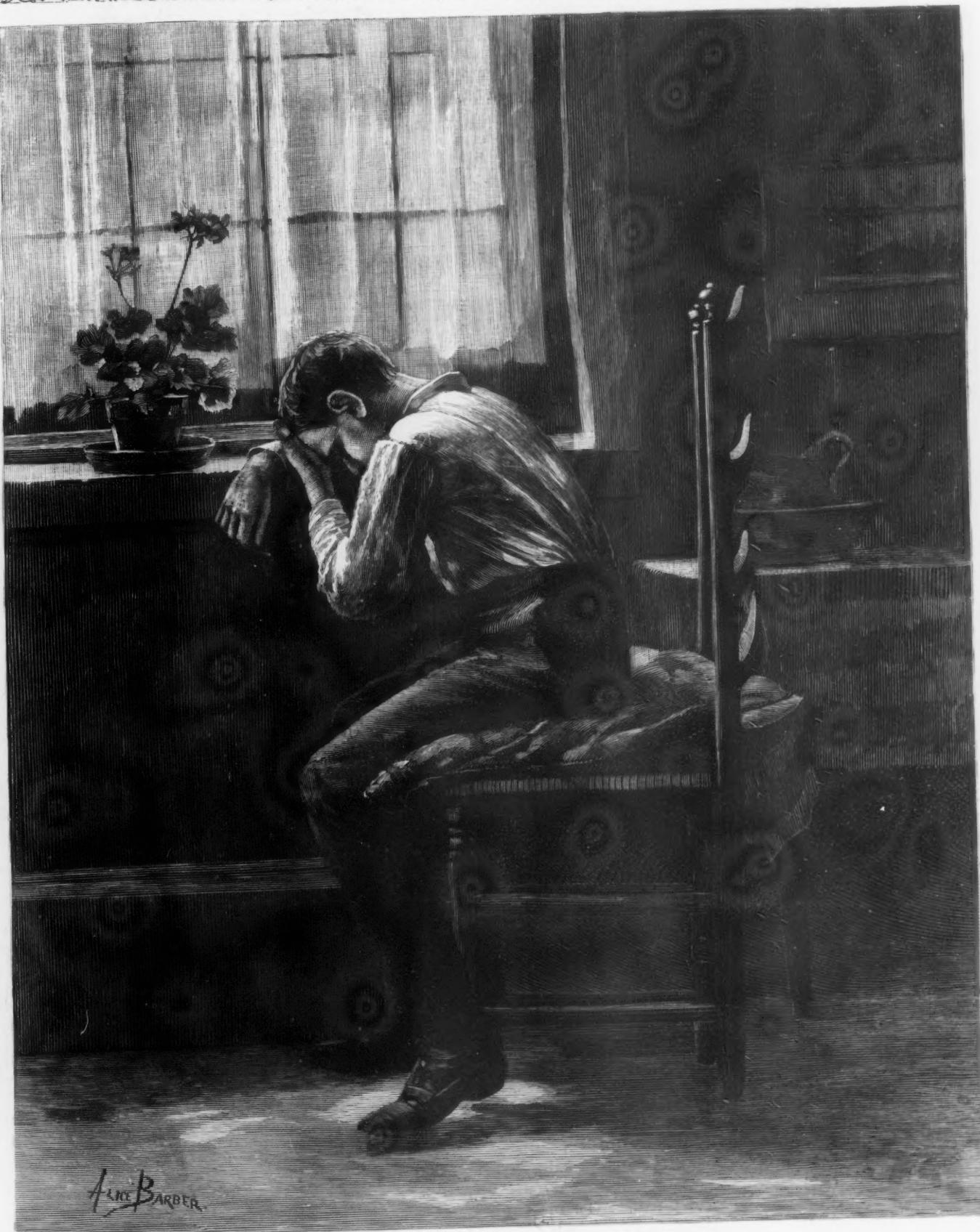
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1895.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895.

SERIOUSNESS IN OUR LITERATURE.

One of the greatest wants of this age of too many writers and too many magazines is a magazine for the home, a magazine which, as a true literary influence, will come to elevate the life and bring beauty and pleasure into the sacredness of the home circle. That we have too many so-called magazines to-day is self-evident. A few of them are giants in a sort of magazine art which they have created for themselves; but in mere refinement and niceness they have gone too far, until the most important of them have lost all force in a human or ethical sense; and all the business push and enterprise of a most energetic age is needed to help them keep their constituencies. And now it seems that to cater to what is attractive or what pays has, as an object, superseded the old idea, which was to furnish to the reader the most elevating influences in literature and art. There is no denying that three at least of our great magazines are financially successful, and that they have a large constituency of readers; but beyond a certain mild, refining one they have no real influence on the public, and to the care-ridden, toil-worn man of the world they are at best but sour grapes.

What we miss to-day is a magazine for the people, a magazine that can be read in the household, one that is interesting enough to be read aloud, that holds the interest of the whole family, but is something more than a mere advertising medium, with a few un-leavened essays and tedious stories sandwiched in between. Such a magazine should represent the best product of our literary development, as did the old-time *Harper's* and *Atlantic*, the literature of the period during and after the War. To do for our time what they did for theirs would be a great achievement for a magazine of to-day. It must be acknowledged that the obstacles to be surmounted are of a somewhat more complex character. One of the prime difficulties is to secure the attention of the people, in a material, money-getting age such as ours is, when the social system is, if not disordered, at least so perverted as to be irritated at any kind of patronage or suggestion of self-development on its part. It can easily be seen that "what the crowd wants" is the idea aimed at to-day by the financier in any department of business; but it does not follow that the crowd does always want what the financier would give it. A magazine such as here suggested is feasible only on the grounds that the doctrine, "man cannot live by bread alone," is still true for the toiling multitudes. Wherever the simple, good, old-fashioned home-life still exists, where enjoyment is not stale and the appetite for good reading not satiated, such a magazine should obtain a constituency of its own, and, if properly edited, might be of inestimable value as an influence for good in inspiring the present generation to loftier and truer ideals of thought and action.

Now there are many things to be considered in regard to the subject matter for such a magazine, but the main idea all through must be seriousness of purpose. In other words, all of the writers chosen as contributors must be men or women who, no matter what

their grade of genius on what is called the artistic side, must be first and last inspired to write by no mere artistic impulse, but by a serious and abiding interest in the great problems of the humanity about them. In this lay the secret of the power of the early American literature, and especially of the great New England School. It was a part of the life of the people. It was the voice of what was noblest in them, and what we want for our people to-day—if literary influences are to be perpetuated through the medium of magazines—is a magazine which will have for its first aim to offer to the people something of the best inspiration of all the serious thinkers, in prose and verse, that this continent is producing. That there is such an element there can be little doubt.

To explain what is meant by the serious, it would be as well at once to divide literature into two classes, the literature of genius and that of the merely clever. That of genius begins in the idea, the other is the result of the mere strivings of a latter-day culture to say anything at all in as nice a manner as possible. These two branches of literature have no real affinity. The first has its roots deep in the foundations of our common humanity, which is thrilled and influenced by it; the second merely amuses or scarcely interests. It is a pity that to-day the merely clever writer is glutting the literary market of the modern world with so much imitation of real literature that the reading public is in danger of becoming nauseated of all printed matter. However, if we have faith in humanity to right itself by degrees we may live to see real literature rise above the greater part of this merely ephemeral.

To-day there are a few great prose writers in the world. In fiction, we have Tolstoi, Zola, Howells, Bjornson, Blackmore and Hardy. These men are supremely great to-day because of their abiding interest in the living human drama about them, and, whatever their weakness, they remain, after all criticism is silent, forces in our modern literature.

If they are not as entertaining as their great predecessors, Hugo, Dickens, Thackeray and Irving, it is because the life they depict is growing more intense in its realism as the nakedness of misery keeps closing more and more about them. We would like to have more of that old genial spirit, that broader humor in our present literature; but it must come naturally or not at all.

Mark Twain, Artemus Ward and Bret Harte have all given us some of the old-time humor which has become divorced from the modern novel. Blackmore alone of all the great list I have mentioned has retained, in quite a Shakespearean vein, some of that old English geniality which so delighted us in Irving and Dickens, but which even in Thackeray, in his day, was becoming sere and cynical.

America in the past has produced many able novelists whose works are epoch-making in the life of her people since Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables." Such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Hoosier School Master" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," each so different from the other, are all in their way true literature, for and of, the people, simple, dramatic, interesting and wholesome to the last degree. From these we descend through various stages to the merely delightful but necessarily fantastic in such writers as Aldrich and Stockton. But in these the *true* human element has dropped out, the period of mere niceness begins, and after this the deluge.

The opinion of the present writer is that we are on the eve of a great human dramatic revival, but of this hereafter. Much of the fiction of to-day is either childish or unwholesome. It does not deal with life either as we would desire it, or as it is. It is, therefore, neither true romance nor realism. Even that strange genius who died so lately in the South Seas, with all of his charm of style and adventurous fancy, was as a child to the great world about him. He depicted man as a child or savage might, and of woman; the great factor in the tragedy of humanity, he was avowedly ignorant. With something of the style of Thackeray and the imagination of Poe, he failed both as a novelist and poet, for the simple reason that neither the most accomplished art nor the most exquisite fancy can make a man a great writer who is not first and last a great thinker. Delightful he was, perhaps the Shelley of modern novelists in delicacy of touch and fancy, but, the greatest of the decadents, so soon as he probed deep he grew hideous.

The writer who, of all others after Stevenson, seems to have influenced the present ephemeral school is that vigorous Anglo-Indian, Rudyard Kipling, some of whose short stories, or rather terse sketches of human experience, are unique in power of dramatic narration. But, like Stevenson, he is more of the savage than of the civilized world, and likewise reveals man to himself rather as the brute than as what Arnold would call the dweller in the spirit. He, too, knows little of woman in the better sense.

We all now believe in evolution, and it may be that humanity, having suddenly discovered this new revelation of its long journey upward from the ranks of the beast, would now turn its eyes backward and re-study, or rather try and recover, some of its lost animal instincts. This may be so; but it would be much better to keep on in the upward journey, always realizing the

depths from whence we have come. Kipling much more than Stevenson has made himself felt in a human way, but it is mostly on the brutal side and as the voice of the revolt against modern social restraint.

Where Stevenson was in a sense a worshiper of the villain in humanity, Kipling has upheld a sort of brutal cynicism as his chief philosophy. With these two writers as models it is no wonder that a large host of imitators, who, without genius, inundate with their mediocre works every literary age, should arise and carry both these ideas to the absurd extreme until the outlaw and the vagabond are the only ideals left in our literary heroism. Every outlandish spot and age that fancy can invent or discover has been created or used for purposes of our present fiction, but little of it is worthy of publication or preservation. We must, however, foster what is best at our hands and wait patiently for what is more wholesome to develop. The true love of humanity and Nature is the final refuge of any people.

On this continent and in England women have done much remarkable work in fiction. In England, from George Eliot to Mrs. Ward, and on this continent from Mrs. Stowe to Miss Wilkins, we have a host of able and thoughtful writers. In fact, it is in the ranks of the women on both sides of the water that we have to look for the most serious writers of our fiction. Many of our most successful male novelists have debased novel-making to a trade, where, in the case of the most of our women writers, the serious idea has loomed uppermost. Therefore, many of the most popular of our strongest writers who take with the masses, are of the gentler sex.

Turning to the field of poetry, an important factor in magazine literature, we notice a similar phenomenon. There is no denying that of late years on this side of the water, since the passing of the Great New England School, all of the best human poetry has been written by women. It would be useless to ignore the fact that the most popular of the better class of verse-writers for the magazines, those which have attracted the attention of the larger class of people, have been women. What verse-writer among men of late years has had work as widely published and read and felt as Helen Hunt Jackson or her more artistic and too self-repressed successor, Edith M. Thomas? There are few more genuine and spontaneous lyrists than Louise Imogen Guiney, and for delicate tenderness of spiritual insight Helen Gray Cone and Miss Reese are equalled by few male singers. And in a late issue of the London *Athenaeum*, in a "Review of Colonial Verse," the opinion was expressed that, of all the younger Canadian poets, the noted Indian singer, Miss Pauline Johnson, was the most poetic. There is no doubt that below the level of the supremely great writers in prose and verse women easily hold the first place above mediocrity. Some taint, a commercial spirit, has debased the large mass of our minor male writers in prose and verse. The mantle of the prophet seems to have fallen from their shoulders, and they have become, in a sense, free-lances for a sort of fame of any kind. They appear to have lost that beautiful charm and fresh interest in life and Nature that made many minor writers of the past if not famous at least beloved. They have for the most part become mere cynical artists carving on cherry stones, or caterers of all sorts of small wares for a superficial public, which justly ignores them and their ephemeral productions in the great rush which constitutes the ephemera of the passing hour.

On woman then has fallen the task of consoling the sore and wounded, strengthening the hope and alleviating the despair of manhood, and especially womanhood, through the influence of present-day verse. Who to-day but women (always excepting James Whitcomb Riley) have sung of the home and the grave, the cradle and the hearth? Among our real minor poets they are conspicuously foremost because they write of and for the heart. While men who have been priding themselves as artists too sacred to sing for the common mob have been scorning women as sentimental and didactic, these very women have, by their spirituality of ideal and sincerity of human sympathy, stolen the hearts of the multitude, and justly, too, from a generation of poets who were poets in name, but not in spirit. A magazine which has a higher ideal than mere artistic niceness of standard could draw much from such a source to elevate and beautify the home-life through its pages.

Another grave weakness in our magazine literature of to-day is a sad lack of the dramatic element. This is one of the greatest reasons why the better literature has lost its interest for the masses. Both in poetry and fiction all effort seems to have gone in the direction of overstrained subjective analysis of character or motive. In short, our best literature has become alarmingly minor and subjective until all real life and interest have dropped out. Meanwhile, the great mass of readers who do not belong to the polite social circles who have been catered to by the fine-art refinement of the thirty-five cent monthlies have been steadily losing all sense of ethics in their literature, and are being gradually debased by the Sunday newspaper and cheap erotic novel literature of the day. That the millions of to-day must read is a fact; but that they will read what is brought nearest to their taste and the length of their purses is a graver fact for us to consider.

The rapid increase of immigration, the desertion of the rural districts and the overcrowding of cities, have

produced marked changes in American life in the last eight or ten years, and with these changes the literary taste has been greatly influenced. The old ethical spirit founded on Puritan ideals and democratic independence has largely died out. Life, owing to a closer struggle for existence, has to-day grown more brutal and material in its essence. With the new phase of life has grown up a new literature, if we can well call it such. The modern newspaper, with its vivid and vulgar sensational depiction of the passing event, the latest murder, robbery, scandal, prize-fight or sporting event, has become a literary necessity to a large part of the people. The feverish rush for money and place has penetrated all classes. And especially among the poor, but also among the rich, reading has largely become a matter of mere amusement. Men and women to-day in the brutal struggle for existence read to forget the present sordidness of their surroundings or the *blase* satisfied conditions of a wealth that has ceased to give freshness to jaded appetites; hence the natural result that all the fire-and-blood—absurd literature which catches the nickels of the working-girls of the great American cities—has for its heroes and heroines nothing less than dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, and its dramatic setting is, for the most part, amid wealth and splendor; while on the other hand, the most ardent admirers of the outlawry and rude life-drama of the literature of the Far West have been the English aristocracy. These are, perhaps, the two extremes of the picture, but they illustrate for us the present condition—namely, that literature, like the drama, to be successful, must more than ever be a source of human amusement; that is, it must stir and interest us enough to take us away from our present self or else it fails in its primal object. If it touches a chord in us, be it for good or evil, it shows its power. And that story or poem which affects the greatest number is of the greatest consequence. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," both as a novel and play, appealed to a large number. It is true it was but melodrama, but what is melodrama but less acute drama? It is the old story of human aspiration, human love and human hate lived over again as we have all lived it more or less. It may be exaggerated, or to our more subtle consciousness appear unnatural; but it is only the infant world again trying to read its own story, depict its own pain and passion, or realize its own heaven. Let the fine word-artists and cynical pessimists say what they like. They may prove that they and their class have solved everything, they may have weighed the suns and measured the stars and found them but blind force, they may have probed life, as the little girl did her doll, and found its constituents to be but sawdust; but the great living, struggling, passionate, ignorant and hoping world has not done so, and until it has there will still be interest, eternal interest, in the loves and hopes, joys and sorrows of human life; and so long as this lasts human literature, in prose or verse, will be a mighty factor in the movement of the great drama of time. We hear a great deal to-day of the word "Art"; the fact is, the world does not want art, it wants genius. It wants the voice that can best voice for it its own ideal of hopes and loves, its hates and despairs. Dickens, with his broad humor, his grotesque caricature, his melodramatic plots and exaggerated description, would seem gross and inferior to-day in a magazine beside some of our subjective, repressed kid-glove novelists. But it is this very difference that has made him great. He has voiced a great city, a period and a people, as no other could have voiced them. He has depicted their joys and sorrows, their strength and their weaknesses, as none other could depict. The people of two continents have laughed and wept with him over his creations; he has taught the parables of aspiration and contentment, enjoyment and restraint under the one book-cover. No family but has been made better by the entrance of his works within its circle, and no man or woman but has been made larger in ideal of heart and mind by his great human genius.

The little poets of the present are apt to sneer at the mixed metaphors in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" or his "Excelsior," but who among them has elevated and consoled as Longfellow has? They speak of Whittier as didactic and inartistic, but what poem written to-day appeals to the human heart as does "Maud Muller"? Never has the story of human love and the pathos of human life been more touchingly and tenderly told. It is such poetry that we need now. It is no wonder these men were loved and revered, every household where their work went was lifted to larger and gladder visions of life and its objects. They wrote in truest sympathy with the people they lived among. They fought the great fight of slave emancipation, and were a part of the growing Republic at its best, when its noblest humanity was receiving the sternest lessons of human self-restraint and manly and womanly independence. To-day in a more material age, with graver and more stern social problems to solve, it behoves a nation to foster and promulgate all that is best and most serious in its thought, and all that goes to elevate, control and restrain the people. Each epoch is likely to shed as dried bark what was green and sappy in the national growth a generation before. By such changes the mystery of civilization works its way, and each generation develops its own ideals and idols.

We have a wonderful civilization growing up on this continent, and among the teeming millions there are thousands of men and women striving with more or less success to voice the drama of this vast multitude, and in this as yet unworked field there is great scope for a high-class periodical for, and of, the people. By the people is meant the great struggling and intelligent public who are neither so *blase* with wealth as to be hardened to the drama of real humanity or so debased by poverty as to be dead to all but the brute animal instincts. It is in the keeping of this class—the great middle-class—that the welfare of the continent belongs; and it is for them and their children that such a periodical might come as a benign influence bringing into their homes the flower of the most sincere and serious thought, and the most dramatic and human voicing of the life and aspiration of their own environment, and of the beauty and sublimity of the great Nature about them. It is but childish and superstitious to speak of everything at the end of the century as worn-out and decadent. Life is just as great to-day as ever it was. The healthy part of humanity lives just as keenly as ever. Literature for the time being has got into the hands of the cultured few or of the thoughtless many, who either are more interested in how a thought is expressed than in the thought itself, or who, on the other hand, in the rapid hurry of modern life are losing the power to think at all. But the conditions are not hopeless. The difficulty, if there is any difficulty, is that the world has of late got absorbed too much in the material. What we need to do is to go back for a time to the heroic, to dwell for a space on the large primal passions and aspirations of our common humanity and the dramatic element which is their result, and arouse the Western world from its gradual increasing lethargy of gross material comfort or savage material despair.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

DEPARTMENT OF SECRETARY OF STATE,
Ottawa, Canada.

The United States Government has been doing business at the old stand right along, of course; but the first time in months that members of the Cabinet have had a chance to tell the President how they are getting on in their several Departments was at the White House on the 16th. All of the Cabinet were present except the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of Agriculture. The President and Cabinet were scheduled to leave Washington for the Exposition on the 21st. The Presidential party is expected back at Washington on the 24th, after which date the Executive Department is likely to be very busy until Congress meets in December.

The Queen of Korea was murdered in her palace at Seoul; Japanese fanatics are responsible for the deed, and the result is that Russia will gain a very important point in her contest for supremacy in the Eastern Pacific.

The most startling item of news from South America the past week was, that British troops were marching through Brazil to take possession of disputed territory in Venezuela. This news (?) lacks confirmation, it should be stated. It will be remembered that the British Foreign office recently replied to our State Department, that there was one part of England's claim to Venezuelan territory that could not be submitted to arbitration. This would seem to give color of probability to the news from Brazil. The special letter from Venezuela published in this week's number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY ought to be read with interest. Lieutenant King is on the ground and has given special attention to the subject.

Another report came by way of Buenos Ayres, that Brazil had recognized the Cuban insurgents; while, on the other hand, Madrid reported that volunteers had left Rio Janeiro for Cuba to take part in the campaign against the insurgents. Recent events go to show, in this connection, that Brazil is inclined to complicate matters generally down there; and it is to be regretted that most of her moves seem hostile to the interests of this country.

The political situation in this city is variegated rather than complicated; for, while the various anti-Tammany elements have their own peculiar viewpoints, they are still all anti-Tammany, and that much-fought organization has on its hands the fight of its life, if not for its life. The elections in the city will turn largely on the excise issue. It is a square fight between Tammany and liberal excise laws, on one hand, and the strict-enforcement policy of Roosevelt, on the other, aided more or less by other anti-Tammany elements that do not love liberal excise laws less, but hate Tammany more. The Parkhurst and Good Government reform movements are temporarily overshadowed by the excise question; but, if the regular Republican forces receive the unquestioning support of anti-Tammany Germans regardless of the excise issue, that organization is doomed to defeat. The German vote holds the balance of power. The question is, have Roosevelt, Parkhurst and their confederates gone too far in their efforts at reform?

The Protestant Episcopal Convention at Minneapolis has received Canon 35 from the Revision Committee on the subject of divorce and re-marriage. Canon 35 forbids the marriage of a divorced person, unless he or she was the innocent party in a divorce granted on the ground of adultery.

Morris Schoenholz was found guilty of arson in the first degree in this city, last week, and is practically sentenced to State Prison for life, as the minimum sentence is forty years.

Professor Bell of the Canadian Geological Survey claims to have discovered a river in the Province of Quebec that averages a mile wide, is more than five hundred miles long, is very deep, flows through a level clay country and is heavily bordered by immense forests of valuable timber.

Dr. Nannie A. Stevens, a New Woman of Kansas City, has brought suit for divorce against her husband, Ralph Stevens, charging among other things that the said Ralph "laid around the house and would not help her get the meals."

When Fighting Bob Evans became captain of the cruiser "New York" he secured consent of the Admiral to the formation of athletic clubs among the Jack Tars. The report was sent out last week—and officially denied, of course—that the boys occasionally indulged in slugging matches for the encouragement of physical culture on board. Wonder if Fighting Bob Evans really could see any fun—or culture—in the pillow glove?

President Wilson of the Board of Health has reported to Mayor Strong that the use of anti-toxins has decreased the death rate in this city from diphtheria and croup nearly forty-four per cent.

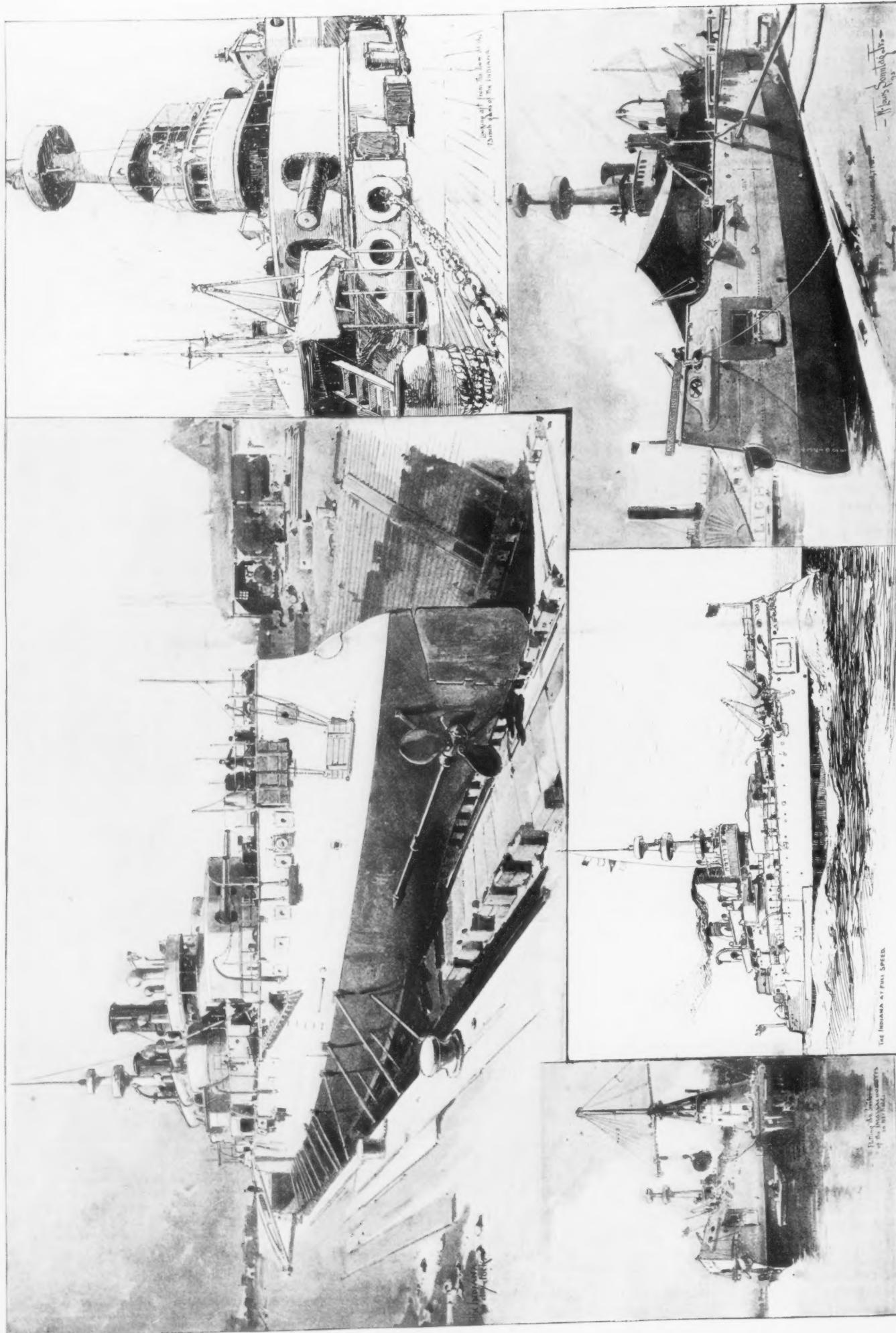
Judge Ellwell, statesman and jurist, died at Bloomsburg, Pa., October 15, aged eighty-seven years. He was the author of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt in Pennsylvania.

The places where Washington crossed the Delaware before the battle of Trenton—on Christmas night, 1776—were marked by monuments on both the New Jersey and Pennsylvania side, that were unveiled October 15. The Bucks County Historical Society had charge of the ceremonies on one side and the New Jersey Society of the Cincinnati on the other.

The deepest part of the ocean yet discovered is 4,900 fathoms, in the Pacific, in south latitude 23 degrees and 40 minutes, west longitude 175 degrees and 10 minutes. It was discovered by the British surveying ship "Penguin," in a recent sounding. The sounding wire broke at 4,900 fathoms before bottom was reached. The deepest previous sounding was made in the crescent-shaped region east of the Kurile Islands, 4,428 fathoms, in 1888.

The specific dispute between Venezuela and England comes about in this way: When England conquered from the Dutch what is now known as British Guiana, she of course gained the right to all the territory over which Holland had rightful jurisdiction at that time. In 1840 England sent Sir Robert Schomburgk to survey a boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana. This line is known as the "Schomburgk line" in the patches. It was run without even the knowledge of Venezuela. Whatever the merits of the case may be, it is clear that England is using the dispute to bring to the notice of other European Powers what is really meant by the Monroe Doctrine. Other nations besides England have interests in Latin America, and they all are likely to unite against us in our claim to any special guardianship over the Western Hemisphere. Anyhow, the best way for us to enforce this guardianship is to do something. The Monroe Doctrine is only a doctrine, after all.

Suppose that all the independent Governments of the New World should simultaneously recognize the belligerent rights of the Cuban insurgents? It is stated in recent dispatches that Brazil, Chili and Argentina are willing to join with this country in such a decisive step. The ultimate effect of such a course would probably be the independence of that torn and long-suffering Island, and her establishment as an independent Spanish-American republic. Speaking broadly, Cuba's case is a strictly Spanish-American affair. We are not interested in Cuban independence except for commercial reasons, and perhaps for the sentimental reason that we ought to befriend all peoples struggling for freedom. And yet if the leading States of South America would acknowledge Cuba's belligerency without us, the affair would be still very complicated. We might as well join with the rest, perhaps; for if they take the step without us, and any European entanglements arise, we will be involved anyhow. However, there is no hurry.



OUR TWIN BATTLESHIPS "INDIANA" AND "MASSACHUSETTS,"—(See page 11.)



MIL FLORES, THE NEW HOME OF PRESIDENT CRESPO.



THE URN FROM WHICH BOLIVAR WAS BAPTIZED; AND CANNON TAKEN FROM THE SPANISH.



AN ORANGE GROVE NEAR CARACAS.



A TYPICAL CARACAS BELLE.



FIN DE SIÈCLE LIGHTING IN CARACAS.



RECEPTION DAY AT PRESIDENT CRESPO'S HOUSE.

LIFE IN VENEZUELA'S CAPITAL.—(See page 6.)



BY W. NEEPHU KING

THE growing interest in the "Monroe Doctrine," and the recent adoption of "resistance to English aggressions," as the keynote of the next Democratic campaign, has naturally awakened public interest in "Little Venice," as Columbus aptly termed Venezuela, when he first turned his

prow toward the mainland. And Venezuela is Caracas; for, as the immortal Romeo said of Verona, "there is no world beyond Caracas's walls"—in fact, no stranger who has ever breathed the balmy air of this "queen city of the Andes" can ever muster sufficient fortitude to journey into the interior, or linger long in the broiling heat of the coast cities.

Caracas, Venezuela's fair capital, has enjoyed the distinction of many sobriquets. To the dictator, Guzman Blanco, a lover of everything French, it was known as "Little Paris"; but the simple-minded Indians, whom the early conquerors found nestled upon the crest of the Cordillera, had already adopted a name more appropriate than all the modern ones with which it has been honored. The "Valley of Eternal Spring" is, to me, the most suggestive appellation that could have been conferred, for there is no spot in the world with a temperature so delightful as you find in this picturesque city cradled among the loftiest peaks of the Andes. Here there is no summer—no winter—always the dreamy, sensuous influence of the spring.

The popular idea of South American cities is that they are all hotbeds of yellow fever, small-pox, leprosy and every other ill most dreaded by mankind. None save those who have lived in these mountain cities of the Andes can fully realize that they are the nearest approach to Paradise ever enjoyed by sinful mortals. Elevated many thousand feet above the sea, the air is as pure and clear as ether, and the fresh trade-winds that sweep down the fertile valleys always temper the heat of the tropic sun. And of the moonlight nights, what can I say? It would take the pen of Theophile Gautier to picture these. Every poet that has ever raved about these latitudes received but two inspirations, the "dark eyes of the Señoritas" and the "tropic moon." And in Venezuela both of these shine with a light which, though not as brilliant as that of the sun, is far more potent.

The climate of Caracas can boast enough changes in one day to satisfy the most fastidious, and New York dudes who desire an excuse for changing their entire wardrobe four times a day would find it a *sine qua non*. When you arise in the early morning, the atmosphere is cool and bracing, very much like an April day in New York; and if one wishes to be comfortable, he must wear medium weight underclothes and a spring suit. Toward ten o'clock, as the sun approaches the zenith, it grows warmer; and by the time he has reached the meridian altitude, you will find it necessary to change your underwear and don light flannels, unless you are content to suffer, for it has become a July day. About four o'clock in the afternoon a refreshing easterly breeze begins to rustle the treetops, and by five o'clock you will have to make another change of under and outer wear, for the sun is then behind the mountains, and it is October. At nightfall you believe that November has set in, and find an overcoat very acceptable. Two blankets will scarcely be enough to keep you warm while sleeping, for the nights are cool and damp—with a sepulchral clamminess that it would be difficult to describe—in fact, upon some of the highest peaks around the city there is ice every night. Such are the meteorological conditions of Caracas for the entire year, with the exception of a little less heat during the rainy season, which is the winter of these latitudes, and lasts from April until October.

Everything goes by extremes here, and from the manner in which the houses are built, you must either broil or freeze. The windows have no glass sashes to lower or raise, and such a thing as a fireplace is unknown—though there are nights when a light fire would be more than grateful. This may be the reason why Fire Insurance Companies have no agencies here, and an engine would be a great curiosity. This subject recalls an amusing incident that was told me the other day by a wealthy American contractor, now living in Caracas, and one that shows how hard it is to "teach an old dog new tricks." The gentleman in question had built a new house and furnished it with modern improvements that caused the natives to open wide their eyes with wonder. Among the luxuries of the house was an expensive American stove, that had been imported from New York. After having carefully instructed the Venezuelan cook in its use the wife of my friend felt so proud of her success that, at the end of three days, she left the domestic alone in her glory. An unusual amount of smoke attracted her attention a few days later, and, upon a close examination, she discovered that the cook had grown tired of this "new-fangled American way of cooking," and had placed two bricks upon the top of the stove and built a fire between them—which, by the way, is the Venezuelan method.

Another amusing incident, and one that shows the Venezuelan is not far behind the traditional Yankee in business sagacity, occurred in my own household. As a rule, the Venezuelan meats are not as choice as ours; in fact, they are so tough that I found mutton the tenderest afforded by the market, and my cook was accordingly instructed to purchase one course of this delicacy whenever it was to be had. Now, sheep are very scarce in Venezuela, and yet every day the cook found no difficulty in securing a leg of mutton, and at an astonishingly low figure, too. To me, it did not taste very much like the mutton that I used to enjoy in the restaurants of New York. I was not suspicious, however, and easily accounted for this by the difference in climate and pasturage. One day at dinner, however, I was enlightened by a young Venezuelan, who disclosed that I had been eating *goat* instead of *mutton*, and informed me that this was an old trick always played upon strangers. The

next morning I went to the market-place myself, and told the butcher that I had learned of his imposition. The fellow, naturally, protested, and said if I doubted his word, he would give me a cut every day from an animal that always hung inside of his stall. I looked at the one suspended there from a hook, and in appearance it was a lamb completely skinned, with the exception of the tail, which was left intact. This, coupled with the fact that the fellow seemed rather reluctant about allowing me to make a very close examination, raised my suspicions, and upon inspection, I discovered that the *lamb's tail* had been sewed on to a *goat*. This fraud, I have since learned, is one that has been going on for years, and, strange to say, there is no law that can reach such a case.

The fashions that one finds in Caracas is a great surprise to the foreigner. You would naturally expect to see flannels and outing shirts worn, at least, during the warmer hours of the day. The Carequeno is nothing, however, if not a *dude*. For his own personal comfort he cares little, and consequently white shirts with starched collars are *de rigueur* at all hours. In the afternoon, should you appear upon the street without a frock-coat and high hat, you have committed an unpardonable crime against society, and I do not think I exaggerate if I say that many of the *elite* would "cut" you in the Plaza, or on the "Paseo de la Condesa." In the evening the young swells array themselves in Tuxedo coats and white vests, with gorgeous *boutonnieres* of malabors (white jasmine), and never fail to promenade for an hour or more in the Plaza, that all the world might know they have been invited to a "baile." These eccentric individuals are facetiously called members of "Before the Ball" class—a name that has been given owing to the popularity achieved by the American song, "After the Ball." The women of the better class are gowned in the latest Parisian style, and every art of the modiste that can improve the form or add grace to the carriage is employed. They are of the Spanish type, beautiful beyond description, with large, luminous eyes that seem to burn into one's very soul. Now and then you will find perfect blondes, but they are generally the daughters of Venezuelan mothers by German fathers. Women of the Tropics have the reputation of fading early, but I have seen some remarkably handsome matrons of forty and forty-five; in fact, here as elsewhere, a woman is never fully developed until after marriage. It is possible that this high altitude may have some bearing upon the length of time that Caracas women retain their youth and beauty, and also account for the fact that they do not mature as early as women of the coast cities. Still, many marry as young as fourteen years, and among the lower classes there are mothers of eleven and twelve.

Though Caracas possesses the most delightful climate in the world, it is far from being a healthy city. Bad sewerage, or, rather, an entire absence of any sewerage system whatever, renders it susceptible to fevers of all kinds. Yellow fever, while seldom epidemic, is always sporadic, and there are a few cases to be found at all seasons of the year. This dread disease does not produce the panic in South America, however, that it does in the United States; for the physicians all understand how to treat it, and, with careful nursing, it is not as fatal as our typhoid fever. The Venezuelans all claim that the United States, with its consumption, pneumonia, diphtheria and typhoid fever, is far more unhealthy than any South American mountain city. Drainage seems to be the great problem that confronts the authorities here, and were this once solved, I believe that Caracas would be the healthiest city in the world. The best proof of this is that Antimano, Los Teques, and other suburban villages, about the same altitude as Caracas, are sanitariums where all the world go safely for treatment. True they have no system of drainage; but, then at the same time, neither have they the refuse of a great city to dispose of, and when you recall the fact that all this is absorbed by the heated earth in the middle of the day, and that no frost ever comes to destroy the microbes, it is not surprising that there should exist fevers of all kinds. Several propositions have been made to properly drain Caracas, and nothing could be easier, as there is a gradual incline of the city from the northward to the bed of the river Guaire. The authorities dread to open the ground, however, for fear of causing an epidemic; and woe to the Government at whose door this fatal blunder should be laid. Were it not for the torrential rains that fall daily from April until October, and which thoroughly wash the streets, there is no telling to what extent disease would spread. And to understand what a tropical rain is, you must be caught out once without an umbrella. I have stood opposite my hotel door on the other side of these narrow streets, with almost a knee-deep river running, and in order to cross was forced to walk nearly a mile away.

As in all tropical countries, the natives here have certain traditions regarding the preservation of health, and these have been handed down for generations until they almost become an unwritten law of the land.

Some of them are based upon hygiene, while others are mere superstitions, which the early Spaniards learned from the indigenous races which they encountered. No one, for instance, would dare take a bath at any hour except in the early morning, and you must not eat a morsel of fruit after dark—a violation of either mandate will, it is said, produce certain death. Now, in the former there is little of reason, for by ten o'clock in the morning the blood has become so thoroughly heated that cold water would be apt to give the system a shock that might be followed by fatal results. But in the latter, there is not a semblance of reason, for I have eaten fruit right after night—and not only partaken of the kind that is considered healthful, but also of the *mango*, which is here a "forbidden fruit." Far better would it be for the native to go to bed on a full stomach of ripe fruit than to gorge himself with candy and still viler liquor. Again, if you have had fever, you must not touch a drop of water to your face until the malady has left you entirely. You cannot shave after twelve o'clock, for if the face should be cut, lockjaw is liable to set in. Thus might I continue enumerating the thousand and one precautions that the poor foreigner is told he must observe in the "Tropics," else will he be quickly carried to the "Campo Santo."

Despite the fact that many fevers exist in tropical countries, bad rum is the cause of more than one-half of the deaths among foreigners. "Give one an inch and he is bound to take an ell"—and as stimulants of some kind, in moderation, are absolutely necessary in tropical climates, the foreigner is prone to carry this to excess, particularly the Englishman, who is so wedded to his brandy-and-soda, but which produces many ills for which the poor climate must bear the brunt.

Though Caracas is within seven days of New York by a regular line of steamers, it is surprising the amount of ignorance displayed by some who pretend to write of the customs and habits of the people. I remember once having read an article, in which the writer declared that the residents of Caracas were very fond of bathing and driving—that almost the whole population walked down to the Orinoco for a bath every morning, and in the afternoon some drove as far as Bogota. Now a little geographical knowledge would have thrown some light upon the absurdity of this statement. The Orinoco River is five hundred miles east of Caracas; and Bogota, the capital of Colombia, is twice that distance to the north and west across the Andes. To reach it the traveler must devote three days by sea, ten by river, and five on mule-back across the mountains.—See page 5.)

A PAIR OF EYES

GRAY of the Northern seas,
Blue of the Southern skies,
All that is best in East or West
Meet in my dear one's eyes.

Beautiful eyes and free!
Glaudened of sun and breeze;
As Argos's crew raised to the blue
When they sailed the Middle Seas.

Shade in the pathless sand,
Springs in the desert of life!
Founts of Mirth to gladden our Earth
Outworn with years and strife.

Sweet, it is midnight here,
But come thou through the gloom,
And let them shine—the Light divine
Of Heaven will fill the room.

—ELEANOR R. COX.

OLD FRENCH FABLE.

(Translated by Catherine P. White.)

An old woman had two cows, which were all her living.

They strayed into the pastures of her lord one day,

and were taken up by her steward.

The good woman ran immediately to the Castle to beg that official to restore them to her.

He gave her to understand that he must have money for doing it; and the poor soul, who had nothing to give, went home in despair.

On the way she met one of her neighbors, who told her: "You must grease his palm!"

The old woman, who was very simple-hearted, did not understand intrigue, and, taking the advice literally, put into her pocket an old piece of bacon she happened to have and returned to the Castle.

The lord was walking before the door, his hands behind him.

She went softly up, on tiptoe, and rubbed his hands, turned palms out across his back, with her bacon.

He turned quickly and asked what she was doing.

"Oh, my lord!" cried the poor woman, throwing herself on her knees before him, "the steward had taken my cows that were straying in your meadow, and I was told, if I would get them back, I must grease his palm. I came for that; but when I saw you at the door, and as you were the master, I thought it would be better to grease yours!"

The lord laughed heartily at the simplicity of the old woman; he gave her back her cows, and even bestowed upon her, for their pasture, the very meadow where they were seized.

Each one allows himself to take from another.
The poor have no rights unless they take them.

THE Queen of Italy is a graceful and skillful cyclist, and goes for a ride on her silver-mount cycle every day.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, that receipt in German, French, and English, with full directions for preparing and using it. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



OT long ago I found a hole in the back-yard fence of my premises. No one about the house appeared to know how, or why, or when the narrow board became loosened, nor what became of it.

Stray dogs found their way into the back-yard through the aperture in the fence, but the baker's boy and the fishmonger and others who had occasion to visit my place found entrance by the gate that opened into the alley in the rear. The hole in the fence did not inconvenience any one, and for that particular reason, coupled with neglect upon my part, the damage was not repaired.

At night time, the gate was securely locked, as usual, none of the servants or others about the house imagining that a midnight intruder would undertake the rather difficult task of crawling through the narrow hole in the fence.

I remember quite well that it was on a Sunday afternoon I noticed the broken fence, and I thought at the moment that on the following morning I would speak to a carpenter about having it repaired. I noticed also upon that particular Sunday that an enterprising spider had selected the crossbeam at the very spot where the board was missing as the scene for his endeavors, and where the board should have been the fine threads of the spider's web hung gracefully and swayed gently in the summer breeze. It was an elaborate web, too; for upon closer inspection of it, I marveled at the intricate design and the rather peculiar construction of the threads. The artistic beauty of the work impressed me, and I made no attempt to disturb the result of the spider's industry.

The members of my immediate family had departed for the seashore, the only occupants of the house being myself and Wah Hong, my highly prized Chinese cook. An unusually busy season at the office had compelled me to remain at home while my family enjoyed their summer vacation at the beach.

I had been detained at the office rather late one recent afternoon, and having been paid a large sum of money by an out-of-town customer, I was in a quandary where to place the package of bills for safe-keeping over night. The banks had been closed for an hour or more, and I could not, therefore, deposit the money until the following day. It is true there was an old-fashioned iron safe in the office; but as we seldom used it for other than ledgers, which were placed there as a precaution against fire, I did not deem it advisable to leave so large a sum in so insecure a safe. I know that I discussed the matter with my chief clerk, Jonas, and he finally agreed with me that the safest place for the package would be in my own room at the house, where I could place it in my shoe-case, where even the most expert burglar would not look for it. So the matter was settled, and I carried the money to my house in a small handbag.

I slept unusually sound that night, and when I awoke in the morning the sun was streaming in at the window. I had some trouble with an obdurate collar, and while I struggled with it, I walked to the window which looked to the rear of my premises, and unconsciously my eyes fell upon the broken spot in the back-yard fence, and I saw the fine threads of the spider's web had been rudely broken and the remnants of the web shining like lines of silver in the bright sunlight of the morning.

Completing my toilet, I looked in the shoe-case, and then stepped back with a cry of astonishment. The money was gone. I will not deny that I was excited, and I could partake of but a mouthful of the excellent breakfast that Wah Hong had prepared for me. I made a hasty examination of the house and found that the lock of the kitchen door had been broken. I said nothing to the Chinese about the burglary, because he had not known of the money being in the house. I did question him, however, as to the broken lock, and, as I anticipated, met with still ignorance. I found nothing in the yard to afford me the slightest clew, and, after looking over the ground and coming to the conclusion that the burglar had entered and departed by way of the hole in the fence, I proceeded to my office in what I admit was a very troubled frame of mind.

Jonas was there before me. He had already donned his office coat, and was busy with the ledgers when I entered. He bade me the usual good-morning, and handed me my letters. For some reason I said nothing to him of the robbery, but sat down at once at my desk and penned a letter to the Superintendent of Police, telling him what had transpired during the night, and giving him every possible clew upon which to work. I walked to the rear of the office to ring for a messenger boy, and just as my hand touched the button I happened to see the coat and hat of Jonas hanging on a hook near by.

For the second time that day I stepped back in astonishment. My hand fell listlessly from the electric call, and the letter addressed to the Superintendent of Police fell to the floor. I seized my hat, and, rushing from

the office, hastened homeward; half walking, half running, I turned into the alley and stopped at the hole in the fence, trembling and excited. And, turning on my heel, I walked slowly, calmly and deliberately to Police Headquarters and saw the Superintendent in person.

I told him my story in all its details, and requested him to accompany me to my office. Jonas looked up from his ledger as we entered. There was a surprised look upon his face, and when the Superintendent requested him to put on his hat and go with him to headquarters, tears came to the eyes of my chief clerk. He opened a drawer in one of the desks, and there, hidden under a newspaper, was my missing package of money. Later in the day he made a full confession. He knew I and the cook were alone in the house, and the money I had carried home with me was a great temptation. He had entered the house from the rear just at day-break, and, after getting the money, had proceeded directly to my office. As he crawled through the hole in the back-yard fence, in bending over to escape the crossbeam his coat had caught the spider's web, and fully one-half of that pretty network of silver threads had clung to him like a Nemesis of Justice. My quick eye had detected the web upon his coat, when I was about to touch the electric call, and although there were chances of Jonas being entirely innocent, I knew intuitively that my own clerk had robbed me. The web the spider wove had caught the thief.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

DINING-ROOM GRUMBLERS.

THE table—having the floor, so to speak—was the first to begin. "My back's pretty broad," she said with a creak, "but there are times when it isn't broad enough to bear my burden: now to-day there was company to dinner, and of course a great many more dishes than usual to add to the weight, and the boys put their elbows on me—which, I must say, was not very good manners—and, altogether, my back ached so badly that I fairly groaned."

"Well," said one of the chairs, speaking up for his brethren, "there were ten of us around you, and those children kept kicking our legs till they were black and blue; and I know my shins haven't a bit of varnish left on them, to say nothing of our seats, which are quite worn out with being continually sat upon."

"You needn't talk about being sat upon," groaned Mrs. Horsehair from her side of the wall. "Why, I'm all battered out; they sat upon me two and three at a time! I know Shakespeare says, 'Some are born heavy, some achieve heaviness, and some have heaviness thrust upon them.' Now that's my case exactly. That wheezy old man who was here to dinner gave me such a crushing that my insides squeaked horribly. Then he gave me a punch and said, 'Jolly comfortable old thing this.' I wished I was full of pins and needles so as to get rid of him."

"You wouldn't if you were me," said the pincushion, peeping over the side of the work-basket; "it isn't at all pleasant, I assure you, to be probed in your tender spots. I think the pictures have the best time; they have nothing to do but hang and be looked at."

"I'm hanged if I'm looked at," said a naughty landscape. "I've been hanging here for six months, and no one has ever taken the least bit of notice of me, except Mary, when she flaps the feather-duster in my face."

"How would you like to be me?" cried little Miss Rocker, dolefully. "Here I've been the whole day lying on my face with my heels in the air, and nobody ever thinks of helping me up."

"You'll be helped up quick enough when I'm swept," growled the carpet. "I'm so hoarse I can scarcely speak for all the dust I have to swallow. If any of us suffer I think I'm the one; for everybody walks over me and wears me to threads, and never a remark made about me except to find fault with my appearance!"

"You only look well after I've walked over you," remarked Miss Broom, who had been standing in the corner all this time listening to what the others were saying. "There's less respect and consideration shown to me than to any one. I have to sweep the dirt up after everybody and everything, and sometimes I'm pushed sideways, which breaks my bristles and hurts my feelings, and very often Mary takes me to 'shoo' out the cat with, and when she has done with me stands me in the corner upside down. Now, I always like to stand on my head, because it's so broad, and has no brains; but when I am wrong side up I am all the time trying to balance myself to keep from falling. If any of you were ever put to stand in a corner on one leg, you would know just how disagreeable it is; and when I'm all worn out with hard work my stump is sent down to the cellar to end its days there. I think we ought all to strike."

At this upsetting remark, Mr. Clock gave warning: "I'm going to strike," said he, "and strike hard, too. Now, last week I felt just as you all do; I had kept on ticking for more than a week, till I was tired out and all run down. So I thought I'd stop for a day and rest. That was on Friday, and on Saturday morning when you were all asleep Mary came in and opened the shutters. 'Well, I do declare,' said she, looking at you all in dismay: 'this is the dismal-looking place I ever did see; everything here's in a bad temper; we can't live with things looking like this! I wonder what time it is?' I never spoke a word. She came up and looked at me. 'Why, you're all run down, you dear old thing,' she said, and began winding me up, and kept on talking. 'It's a shame to neglect you so, for you're the one that reminds us all of our duty, and we'd all be behind time if it wasn't for you. I love to look at your clean bright face and hear your cheery 'tick, tick, tick.' It helps me along with my work wonderfully.' She then took hold of the broom and swept everything with it, even Mrs. Sofa; and when she had all put straight and dusted off, she talked some more to herself, and

this is what she said: 'Sulky faces always make people feel miserable that have to look at them, and that's what all these things look like till they're brightened up. The family takes such comfort in this room, too. Now that table's just the right height for the children, and these chairs are so easy for the back, with a nice rail in front for the little ones to put their feet on; and I'm sure that old sofa is a treasure, it's so big and cozy, and I know baby couldn't get along without her dear little rocking-chair. Here I've found no less than seven pins on the carpet now; where am I to put them? She looked round and saw the pin-cushion. 'Ah! Miss Rosy-face! You are so handy, and just the very thing I want.'

"Now this is a bright-looking carpet when it's clean; the flowers are so pretty, and I never can come into this room without looking at those lovely pictures. The walls would be very bare without them. Now," she said, looking round very much pleased when she had finished. "All your faces are clean and smiling, too. Oh, what a misery it is to live in dirt or with dirty people!"

"And then she spoke to the broom which she had in her hand. 'If it wasn't for you we would all be dirty and unhappy. We could not possibly get along without you. Just think how dreadful it would be if we had nothing to sweep the floor with. You're a real good friend to everybody if you only knew it, Miss Broom.'

"So I think, my friends," continued the clock, "if we are going to strike we had better strike in the right direction. Let us all cease grumbling and making ourselves unhappy for nothing. Some of us really get a great deal more credit than we sometimes deserve, and we ought not to expect thanks for doing our duty; although I will say that an outspoken word of encouragement goes a long way to lighten a heavy task. Now I am going to strike once in every sixty minutes, and I shall say to the grumblers, 'Do thy duty,' and to the idlers, 'Improve thy time,' and to the cheerful workers, 'Well done.' So you will each know which sentence applies to you; for your own heart will tell you if you have deserved 'Well done.'"

M. C. MCNEILL.

AVIGNON FOR THE POPE.

REVIVED interest in some possible compromise of the standing grievance between Vatican and Quirinal, says the *Saturday Review*, raises afresh a consideration of the alternatives before the Pope. It is clear enough that he cannot have Rome. With what else will he be content? The project imputed by rumor to Cardinal Galimberti, and supposed to be favored by an important section of his colleagues, has in view, we are told, the carving out of a new territory on Italian soil which shall contain a seaport, and shall be under the absolute sovereignty of the Pope. But, even if the higher contracting Powers agree to come to some such bargain, where is the community in Italy to be found, no matter how meek or lowly, which would consent to pass under clerical civil government? The municipality of Avignon has been fired by the notion of getting the Pope to go there, and even the stoutest Radicals in the town council are prepared to vote money for the restoration of the medieval Papal palace and extensive grounds for his reception. This proposal would be fantastically absurd, were it not for the faint possibility that it conceals some vague project lurking in the French Ministerial mind. But there may be an idea in Paris of taking advantage of the present Pontiff's death, which in the nature of things may easily come soon, to assume that a free election of his successor cannot be held in Rome, and to offer Avignon instead to the College of Cardinals for its meeting-place. Such a step would have large political merits, of a sort. It would restore the Republic to her position as the heir to the Monarchy—the eldest child of the Church—and the fact that the Government had "scored off" the Italians would probably counterbalance the grumbling of the anti-clerical party at home. This scheme of settling the Temporal Sovereignty problem, or at least of rearranging its conditions, may be worth watching.

"UNDER THE RED FLAG."

IT is not often that we are able to note the appearance of a book for boys that fulfills all the requirements of that class of literature. There are many books published which are entertaining to youthful readers, and many, too, that are instructive, but those that combine both these qualities are lamentably few. Among those few, however, may be reckoned Edward King's story, "Under the Red Flag," which has just been issued by Henry T. Coates & Co. It is a stirring tale of Paris under the Commune, written in a style well calculated to captivate the youthful reader. The action is brisk and spirited and the incidents are well within the bounds of probability. The history of that period of misrule is entertainingly set forth and so interwoven with the story as to be robbed of that dullness which, to the youthful mind, historical narration always wears. Mr. King's book should be in the hands of every boy.

A CERTAIN married lady sat up till twelve o'clock one night waiting for her husband to come home from the club. At last, weary and worn out with waiting, she went to her bedroom to retire, and found the missing husband fast asleep. Instead of going to the club he had gone to his room, and never left the house. Such are the troubles some married women have to contend with in this life.

IN buying fish choose those with bright eyes and red gills, for stale fish always have their eyes dull and gills dark.

A STRAIGHT LINE.
A QUICK LINE.
A THROUGH LINE.
A POPULAR LINE.

To all points in New York State.
Elegant Sleeping Cars.

Have you ever ridden on the National Express, the new limited train to Buffalo? It leaves New York at 7:30 P.M., and arrives there early next morning.

THE LABORATORY: FROM THE PAINTING BY THE HON. JOHN COULTER.

*Now that I've ty'd thy glass mask rigidly,
May gaze through those faint smokes curling whitey
As thou pist thy trade in this devil's smoky—*

Which is the poison to poison her priest?

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY.



MEXICO'S MIRACLE.

A FESTIVAL of unusual moment in the Catholic Church of Mexico was celebrated during the first twelve days of this month. It was the occasion of the coronation of the famous picture of the Blessed Virgin at Guadalupe, which, it is believed, was miraculously projected onto the *tilma*, or blanket, of a poor Indian, on December 12, 1531.

The shrine was opened to the public October 1, after having been closed for five years undergoing repairs. The Cathedral has been enlarged, the nave having been extended and another dome added. Archbishop Alarcón of Mexico blessed the reconstructed edifice on the opening day of the ceremonies, and the following day the picture was transferred there from its temporary resting-place in the chapel of the Capuchins. Commencing on the 31, pontifical masses have been celebrated every day and will continue throughout the month. The sacred picture was crowned on the 12th. A costly diadem was sent by Pope Leo and the diocese of Chiaula presented a golden sceptre. Sermons were delivered at the coronation ceremony in English by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia and in French by Archbishop Begin, coadjutor to Cardinal Taschereau of Montreal. Sermons were also delivered in Spanish and German. Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Archbishop Corrigan of New York and many other dignitaries of the Church were present.

An unpleasant incident occurred during the first week, marring the otherwise successful ceremonies. On the seventh day two thousand pilgrims arrived from Puebla, bearing banners with religious devices and other devotional insignia. The prefect of Guadalupe interrupted the procession and compelled the pilgrims to furl their banners, such public demonstrations being contrary to law. He arrested a priest named Yerma, who was fined fifty dollars. The police were then sent to El Colegio Church, forcing their way in under the protests of the priests. Further trouble was caused within the church by the refusal of the police to remove their hats, but no further arrests were made.

The coronation of the picture and the imposing nature of the ceremonies attending it have naturally aroused considerable interest in it and provoked inquiries as to its history and its claims to supernatural origin. To gratify this interest and answer these queries we publish herewith a detailed account of the picture and the grounds on which its claims are based from the pen of Mr. T. B. Connery, who, as will be seen, enjoyed exceptional advantages for investigation. This examination, which was made by special permission of the then Archbishop of Mexico, was brought about in the following way:

At a dinner party given at the French Embassy in the City of Mexico the conversation turned upon the subject of the sacred picture. Mr. Connery, who had seen it often before, expressed a desire to be afforded a special opportunity to inspect and examine it under more favorable conditions than are ordinarily granted. Count de Viel-Casted, the French Minister, and his extremely amiable lady volunteered to obtain the desired permission. Many difficulties had to be overcome and some irritating delays occurred before this permission was obtained. But finally Archbishop Labastida gave his official authorization, and the little party that had been formed at the French Minister's residence, including the Countess Viel-Casted and her maid, proceeded to Guadalupe. The painting at the time was temporarily resting over the altar of the little Capuchin chapel next door to the Cathedral, in consequence of the repairs and re-decorations then progressing at the latter. Mr. Connery, with one companion, had to climb the altar, leaving the rest of the party on the church floor. The examination was made with much care and subsequently repeated by Mr. Connery on two more occasions.

In view of the fact that much incredulity exists regarding the merits of this extraordinary picture, which has endured, uninjured, for over three centuries and a half, it will perhaps interest non-Catholics as well as Catholics to read the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Connery.

"Let me briefly explain," writes Mr. Connery, "the origin of the picture as described by all the authorities. On the 12th of December, 1531, the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared to a poor Indian named Juan Diego while passing the hill of Tepeyac on his way to mass. She told him she had selected him on account of his piety to her messenger to Zamarraga, the then Archbishop of Mexico. She wished him to tell the Archbishop to build on Tepeyac a temple in her honor as the special patroness of the Mexican race. The Archbishop, fearing the Indian was under a delusion, bade him ask the Virgin for some sign by which he would know the message was from herself. The Indian obeyed, and the Virgin commanded Diego to gather flowers on the barren hills and bring them to her. Flowers had never grown there before, but now the Indian found them in abundance; and, filling his *tilma*, or blanket, he carried them to the Virgin.

"Go," said the Virgin, returning the *tilma* and the flowers to the Indian, "return to the Archbishop and tell him these are my signs."

"When, at length, Diego opened his *tilma* in the presence of the Archbishop the flowers tumbled on the floor, diffusing a delicious perfume, while on the *tilma* itself was stamped, as to-day, the figure of the Virgin. No longer doubting, the Archbishop caused to be erected on the spot designated a little chapel, or *eremita*, as it is called in Mexico, as the temporary depository of the sacred painting; and there or thereabouts it remained until a grander edifice could be built.

THINGS HARD TO EXPLAIN.

"Over the high altar of the magnificently decorated Cathedral of Guadalupe may be seen this extraordinary picture enclosed in a crystal case framed with solid gold. On account of its conspicuous position it attracts the attention at once on entering the church. Millions of people have viewed it, and in late years many Americans have hastily glanced up at the painting while wandering through the church. But very few have given more than a passing look, leaving the church with a quiet sneer at the blind credulity of the natives. Yes, it is a good picture, but there is nothing extra-

dinary about it, I have heard many foreign visitors exclaim. With all due deference to them, I propose to prove that there is much that is very extraordinary indeed about it, and though personally I am not prepared to accept the theory of a supernatural origin, I feel compelled to acknowledge that there are some things about it that cannot be explained humanly—some things that have puzzled many a great painter and transformed many a skeptic into an ardent believer. Let me specify a few of these somethings.

"First—The painting has been executed on a cloth the most unsuitable for such work—coarse, native fabric called *ayate*, manufactured from the maguey plant. According to artists, no worse species of cloth could have been selected as a canvas.

"Second—The closest and most expert examination shows no evidence of any preparation whatever such as artists know to be necessary to dispose a cloth or canvas to receive colors.

"Third—This painting combines four different kinds of painting, each kind requiring a distinct preparation or disposition of the canvas, yet all four harmoniously blended, though inconsistent with each other according to the rules of art.

"Fourth—Its preservation, clearness of outline and freshness of color are simply marvelous, after three centuries and a half of exposure in an atmosphere which has been fatal to all other paintings in less than one century.

"Let it be noted here that I do not touch the theological reasons that have been advanced to prove the divine origin of the picture. I confine myself to a rational examination such as may appeal to unbeliever and scoff as well as the most devout, and I propose to offer facts that may be received and put to the test by the most scientific. Having done this, I will leave the inferences to be drawn by the public.

"From the body of the church the painting does not strike the beholder as possessing any unusual qualities. It looks pretty in the midst of its costly surroundings, with the magnificent altar as a sort of setting. The nearer one approaches the better it seems, and when one is close up to it the exquisite delicacy of the work is startling. So that whatever we may think of its origin the quality is such that any artist might be proud of its authorship. And here let me ask is it not strange that no artist has ever yet claimed it?

AN AZTEC TYPE.

"A modern writer says: 'This picture belongs to no known school, nor does it recall any other image of the Virgin.' This I can affirm from my own observation, for there is no face better known through the great masters than that of the Blessed Virgin. Cuevas remarks that the Guadalupan image is outside of all the traditions, and yet the first glance leaves no doubt that it is intended to depict the Blessed Virgin. 'It is the Virgin Mexicanized,' says Cuevas, 'transformed into Aztec, sublimating the beauty of the Aztec race to the highest degree of which it is capable.'

"The Virgin is represented as a girl of about sixteen years—the face of inexpressible sweetness and piety. The back of the head is covered by a cloak which falls gracefully over the shoulders, covering partially the breast on either side. Under the cloak is her tunica, extending from the neck to the feet. The head and body are inclined toward the right, the face directed toward the ground. The hands are joined as in prayer or supplication. The feet rest on a cherub's head, and the entire body is encircled by a *resplendor* of rays of gold. To describe the colors is impossible. Somehow they are indescribable. The cloak is a sort of green and blue at the same time; the tunica is pinkish and violet with rare flowers of gold here and there. The manta or cloak is decorated with stars. The exquisite finish of the tunica is such that a great painter of the last century declared no human artist could have performed it. The touches are finer than hair. Seen close, the hands and face are a delicate shade of brown, like those of Indians, while in the distance they assume a pearl tint. The hair as left uncovered by the cloak is black and arranged somewhat in the simple style of noble Indian ladies. Strange to say, the face is at the same time Jewish and Aztec, as has often been remarked, and the whole painting suggests something of the ancient Greek and Oriental figures, something of the figures of the Middle Ages and of the last centuries, as well as of the Egyptian and the Aztec. 'What human painter,' exclaims Cuevas, 'could have united in his work all the art schools of the world in all ages with a supreme originality of conception and execution?'

"First, as to the cloth or canvas. It is both coarse and thinly woven, and some idea of its curious unfitness to receive colors or serve as a background for anything like a painting may be formed when it is stated that one may go behind it and look through the fibres. As a matter of fact, standing on the reverse side of the picture the church may be seen in much the same way as looking through the shutters of a window. This brings me naturally to my

"Second assertion—namely, that the cloth or canvas shows no evidence of having been prepared to receive colors in any way, certainly in no way known to artists. If the surface had been prepared or primed the view through the fibres of the cloth would be obstructed, whereas I have shown that the fact is otherwise. A painter cannot work without colors or brush. Neither can he paint without a superficies properly prepared to receive the colors. A different preparation or disposition of the surface of the canvas is necessary in each class or kind of painting. Many an expert examination has been made without detecting a trace of preparation or priming, a fact which has filled the artistic world with wonder. Standing alone, perhaps it would not be sufficient basis for declaring that the painting is of supernatural origin; but taken with the other extraordinary features, to which I shall next allude, it certainly staggers the mind and disposes one to view with less tendency to ridicule the startling claim that there exists really a work of art which owes its conception and execution to no human mind or hands.

FOUR KINDS OF PAINTING.

"Third—The four species of painting which it is asserted are combined and successfully blended in the painting are oil, distemper, water-color and another kind of distemper which the Mexicans call *labrado al*

templo. My limited knowledge of art does not enable me to describe or give the English equivalent. For the same reason, any opinion I might advance would have no weight. Therefore, I must offer the opinion of men of recognized standing and fame as painters. The fact appears to be that on three different occasions, in three different ages, commissions composed of the ablest artists and men of learning and character were appointed to make an examination and report under oath. In each case the report was the same, and on no point did they more strongly agree than as to the fact that four distinct kinds of painting were plainly visible on the canvas. The most notable of these commissions took place in the middle of the last century, and was presided over by the great painter Miguel Cabrera, with whom were associated also two other distinguished artists, José de Ibarra and Antonio Vallejo. Cabrera was a man of the highest character as well as a great painter. The conviction left upon him by this solemn inspection was that this painting was miraculous. He declared no human painter could have executed what he saw, and he confirmed the existence of the four kinds of painting. 'The union or conjunction of these four—I quote his own words in his sworn report—is something unheard of; something that no artist has ever attempted on one single canvas. . . . These kinds are so distinct that each requires a separate and different preparation, and finding no preparation whatever in this painting makes their combination still more marvelous on one canvas. For me this is an argument so strong that it convinces me that this painting is miraculous. . . . Very well do I understand how impossible it is by any human means to harmonize four distinct kinds of painting demanding preparations so different.'

"Everything Cabrera noticed about the work was a marvel: so it was also with Ibarra and Vallejo. 'Such is the combination of perfections in it,' says Cabrera in another place, 'that it is impossible to suppose it a human work. Its originality of conception and execution, and the extraordinary artistic effects produced, not only beyond the power of artists but in defiance of the very rules of art, place it altogether above human origin.'

"The perfection of the drawing amazed Ibarra, who declares also that no artist ever succeeded in making an exact copy. Even the perfect outline could not be obtained until oiled paper was used. But no one has ever succeeded in the attempt to imitate the conjunction of the four kinds of painting on one canvas, nor to reproduce the colors and shades and extraordinary effects. One of those effects alone may be noted in the gold and exquisite gilding which are of such unique type that when first seen the gold appears to have been laid on in powder, but closer examination shows that it is incorporated with the woof of the cloth.

"But I have said there are four distinct kinds of painting, and, according to the experts who have made a critical examination of the picture, the head and hands are in oil color; the tunica or dress, as well as the cherub and the clouds that serve as a fringe or border, in distemper; the manta or cloak, which also serves as a veil, in water-colors, and the field over which fall the rays appears to be in the other form of distemper called *labrado al temple*.

"Any artist who doubts this assertion can satisfy himself by a critical examination.

UNKNOWN COLORING SUBSTANCES.

"Another strange feature appears to be the fact that the most minute expert investigation has failed to detect of what substances these colors are composed. All that is ascertained is that they do not belong to any known coloring substances. 'This is most evident,' says Cuevas, 'in the gilding (*el dorado*). By human means it is not possible to obtain metallic lustre (*reflejo*) without metallic substances prepared in one form or another, and yet in this painting the effect is produced without any metallic substance, so far as can be detected.'

"Again the same author, Cuevas (to whose little book I have been much indebted in my researches), writes thus: 'With a single color it is impossible to obtain different colors; that is to say, different degrees of the same color or colors essentially different, with one single color. In the picture of "Our Lady of the Guadalupe," as has been seen for ages, the colors that it displays are indefinable, and this is because they really form a diversity of colors under one base of coloration. It cannot be explained or understood, but it is a fact that the cloak is blue and green at the same time; the tunica pink and violet; the face brown, pearl and leaden gray, and in each of these colors is observed at the same time many shades or degrees of themselves. This effect cannot be ascribed to the light over the glass which protects the painting, nor to the light over the picture itself, because it is visible with or without the glass and remains no matter by what light the picture is viewed. . . . Were it possible to make a complete analysis of the constituent elements of the rose it might be found perhaps that with them alone the miraculous image has been painted.'

"By this Cuevas means that with the natural colors of the roses gathered by the Indian, Juan Diego, the Virgin painted her own image on his *tilma*. I now come to my

"Fourth proposition—namely, the extraordinary preservation of the painting. For three hundred and fifty-seven years it has been in existence and under the eyes of the Mexican people. During that period many other pictures have come and gone, destroyed by the salt vapors with which the air is impregnated from Lake Texcoco, and by the variable temperature to which the region is exposed. The natural conditions are all adverse, and yet this picture is clear and distinct in colors and wonderfully preserved after more than three centuries and a half of existence, while no other painting has endured in the same place for more than one hundred years. One can well see that it is old, very old; but what is again remarkable, it is both old and young at the same time. The colors are bright and fresh, though the cloth or canvas looks old and faded. Most paintings of great age decay uniformly throughout—the lustre dims, the colors fade and the cloth wears out in spite of all the precautions known to art. Not so is it with this remarkable picture. Nature has not

made it pay the usual penalties. Time has dealt lightly with it, only encroaching on the feeble *ayate* or cloth, feeble enough in its youth, but still firmer to-day, more cohesive than many a canvas after fifty years of service. Why is this? From what cause has this one painting enjoyed such singular exemption? No one has been able to explain it on any known principles of art.

"A TEST."

"About a century ago a somewhat noted Mexican, Don José Bartolache, who pooh-poohed the alleged supernatural origin of the picture, was allowed to have it copied by skillful artists and under conditions as nearly approaching as possible to the original. That is to say, it was to be made as like the original as the best artists could make it. Bartolache declared he would have it hung up at Guadalupe and thus prove that it would last as long as the original. His copy was made and placed in the chapel of the 'Posito' at Guadalupe. Before eight years it was so completely defaced that it had to be removed from its position, a total failure! This was not due to the tampering of human hands, but solely to the natural effects of the climate, the saline vapors from old Lake Tezco having quickly rendered the canvas moldy, ash-colored and altogether unfit for exhibition.

Another curious proof may be stated. At one time certain people who had the custody of the painting conceived the idea of improving(?) it by adding a circle of angels to the *resplendor* of rays in order to represent the homage of the celestial beings to the Queen of Heaven. In an evil hour consent was given and the circle of cherubs was added to the mysterious rays. But soon the circle of cherubs began to grow dim, and in a short time became such a disfigurement that it had to be blotted out altogether.

The fact of the wretched quality of the cloth itself must not be lost sight of in discussing the question of preservation. Of itself, it should have perished long ago, for the material is flimsy and easily destroyed. Why it has not thus perished must be explained by those who scoff at the suggestion of supernatural preservation. They offer no explanation.

I might go much deeper into this subject, but it would require more space than I feel warranted in occupying. It seems to me that I have as briefly as possible established the points I advanced at the outset. My aim has been simply to place this remarkable picture in a proper light before the American people. Whatever it may be, whatever its origin, no one, after a real examination, can pronounce it a fraud—a mere device of a crafty priesthood to practice a huge imposture on the credulity of the world.

My own private views are not easily communicable. I am not sure myself what they are, except that I find it difficult to assent to any theory of supernatural work. But the sincere faith of millions of people is not to be lightly ridiculed, and millions of Mexicans of the Indian race as firmly believe in the divine origin of the sacred painting of Guadalupe as they do in the rising and setting of the sun. And certainly in their case faith is founded upon facts strong enough to embarrass the most learned.

I have given the conclusions of experts as well as my own observation, and their evidence, at least, is not to be slighted. *Peritis in arte credendum.* If there are any good American artists or other people whose judgment is entitled to respect ready with explanations, no doubt the public will be glad to receive them. Perhaps some American artist has examined the picture and can speak from personal observation. If the painting is really supernatural in the opinion of experts the world should know it. If, on the other hand, it is only a clever trick, there is still more reason for making the fact known to the world.

UNITED STATES BATTLESHIPS "INDIANA" AND "MASSACHUSETTS."

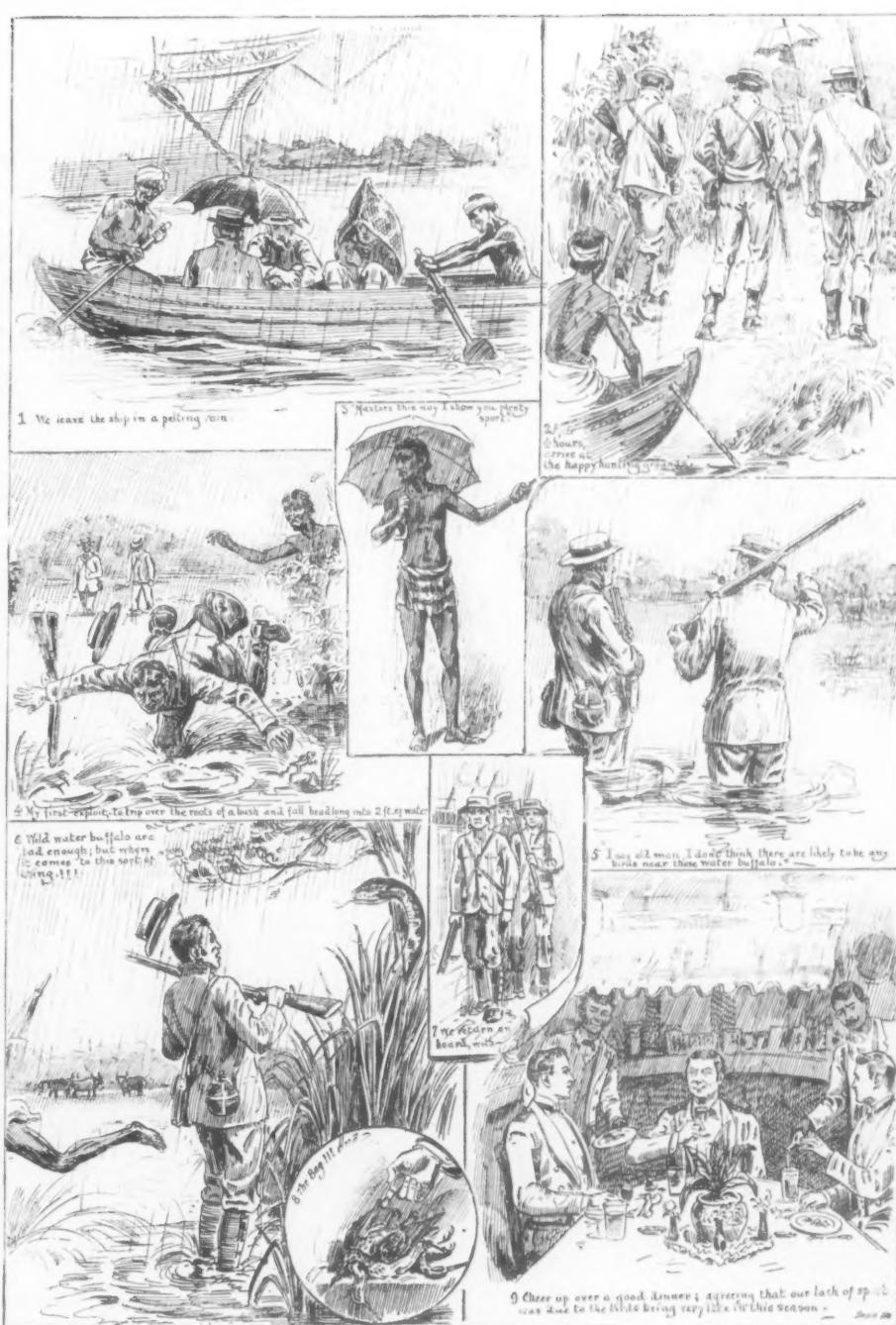
On June 30, 1890, Congress authorized the building of "three coastline battleships of about 8,500 tons' displacement, the cost of which, exclusive of armament, was not to exceed \$4,000,000 each." However, when bids were advertised for the ships were enlarged considerably, and became battleships of 10,200 tons; the length on load waterline, 348 feet; extreme breadth, 69 feet 3 inches, and draught at normal load, 24 feet; the power to consist of two vertical inverted three cylinder triple expansion engines of about 5,000 indicated horsepower each, or, collectively, 10,000 horse-power, actuating twin screws and calculated to develop a speed of 15 knots.

On November 19, 1890, contracts were signed between the Secretary of the Navy and the Cramp Company for the construction of these vessels—the "Indiana," "Massachusetts" and "Iowa"—the stipulated price being \$3,063,333 for each ship, with three years' contract time for completion. We will not go into technical details, but a few figures showing their proportions may not be amiss. The protection consists of a water-line belt of Harveyed nickel steel armor 7 feet 2 inches wide and 18 inches thick at top, beveled at the lower edge to 8 inches, extending through the boiler and machinery space and main turret bases. At each end of the waterline belt is an athwartship belt 14 inches thick, completing the citadel. Fore and aft of the citadel protection is afforded by a submerged flat deck of 3-inch nickel steel, which ends at the ram and extends to the stern, where it forms a ballproof cover for the underwater steering gear. A similar protective deck covers in the top of the citadel.

The armament consists of four 13-inch breech-loading rifles 40 feet long, and weighing 63 tons each, mounted in pairs in the two main turrets on the main deck; eight 8-inch guns mounted in pairs in the four smaller turrets on the upper deck; four 6-inch guns mounted broadside in the upper casement amidships; and a secondary battery of twenty 6-pounds and four 1-pound rapid-fire guns. There are also four Gatling guns in the military tops.

This forms the heaviest and most diversified armor and armament ever placed on any vessel of like dimensions, the weight of armor exclusive of protective deck being 2,695 tons and the weight of metal thrown at one discharge being 6,680 pounds.

The "Indiana" was launched February 28, 1893, the



A DAY'S SNIPE SHOOTING IN CEYLON.

President and the then and present Secretaries of the Navy being present. The "Massachusetts" was launched June 10 of the same year. These two ships would have long since been in commission but for the unprecedented delays due to the alteration in the character of their armor. The hull and machinery of the "Indiana" were ready for trial in March, 1894; her armor recess was planked in and her preliminary trial took place off the Capes of Delaware. The Secretary of the Navy was then notified by the Cramps that they were ready for the official test, but the Secretary decided not to permit the trial of a vessel without her side armor, and the ship was not tried at that time.

An unofficial trial took place October 15, off Boston, the course being from Cape Ann to Boone Island. The average speed for the run was 15.31 knots an hour. The Cramps will receive twenty-five thousand dollars' bounty for every quarter of a knot faster than a 15-knot speed. The engines of the "Indiana" are the finest, except those of the "New York," ever turned out by the Cramps; and on the trial trip not the slightest heating was observed in any of the cross heads or journals.

All is ready as we go to press for the official trip on the 18th, and it is expected that 15.5 or 16 knots' speed will be obtained. On the 15th, the run was made against a strong tide, and no special effort was made to force the draught of the engines.

Speaking of the delay in making armor plates, Charles H. Cramp stated to our representative that it was not the fault of the shipbuilders, and that they did not needlessly delay the plans for the shape of the plates. The making of the armor plates was delayed, he said, by repeated changes in the character of the armor itself; and it was well known that the armor plants had to be developed and kept up to the needs of the contract. Anyhow, this delay is one of the kind that are not dangerous.—(See page 4.)

WE owe tea to the Dutch, who introduced it into Europe at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It then used to cost thirty and even fifty dollars a pound.

PATTI SHATTERED THE TRADITION.

MME. ADELINA PATTI tells the following story of her first appearance in London as Lucia di Lammermoor: The young prima donna, as she was then, was very anxious to dress the part correctly. So she studied her Walter Scott, and, finding that Lucy in the earlier scenes was described as wearing a scarlet cloak, she discarded the traditional pearl gray silk and tartan scarf of the Italian prima donna, and came before her audience in the guise of the original bride. But the audience had accustomed itself to operatic tradition, and did not recognize Lucia in the attire suggested by good old Sir Walter. "They didn't know what I was about," laughs Patti. "I do believe they thought I was going to play 'Little Red Riding Hood,' and was making game of them."

THE AUTHORS' GUILD.

AT the annual meeting of the American Authors' Guild the following officers were elected: President, General James Grant Wilson; vice presidents, Louise Chandler Moulton, Richard Malcolm Johnston and Thomas B. Connery; secretary, Henry Hardwicke; treasurer, William George Oppenheim. Board of Managers: Dr. Titus M. Coan, C. L. Betts, Julia Ward Howe, George T. Welch, Edwin H. Shannon, Gilson Willets, Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth and Will M. Clemens.

Messrs. T. B. Connery, Dr. Titus Coan and W. M. Clemens were appointed a committee to take suitable action relative to the death of Professor Boyesen, a prominent member of the Guild.

Nephew—"Do you know, uncle, I dreamed last night you had lent me ten dollars!"

Uncle (generously)—"Is that so? Ah! well, you may keep them, Otto."

THE Nickel Plate Road, as the Low Grade Line, in connection with the Best Service, receives the enthusiastic support and praise of all Delegations, Conventions and Assemblies.

A GLIMPSE OF WHITTIER.

"DON't thee ever go writing about me, Lucy," the poet once said, in playful earnestness, to his dear friend, Lucy Larcom; and she unfortunately heeded this monition.

It was to her, however, that I was indebted for my first glimpse of Whittier, as his interdiction did not extend to the exclusion of her friends. Well I remember the day of our visit, in early May, when the fields of Beverly were all green and growing, the birds singing, the trees in tender leafage. The trip had long been in contemplation, and, one day, hiring the only horse available at the "Cove"—the section of Beverly in which we were stopping—we started out, for the five-mile ride to Danvers. The ride was without incident until we had reached the long stretch of road beyond Ryal Side, when, in descending a hill, the horse balked, much to the



THE LATE J. G. WHITTIER.

alarm of my companion, who insisted on getting out and—what was more to my alarm—with the idea of returning home afoot. I succeeded in pacifying both my companion and the refractory horse, and we continued on our way.

I remember the conflicting emotions that welled up in my irreverent spirit: my contempt for the horse (an ordinary cart-horse, putting on airs at this unusual honor) and, I must confess, a mild contempt for the fears of my friend. Barring this incident, the journey was successfully accomplished, and we duly arrived at "Oak-Knoll," where Whittier was then tarrying.

That we were warmly welcomed goes without the saying; for Miss Larcom was a friend, not only of the poet, but of the entire family. "Oak-Knoll" was the property of Mr. Whittier's cousins, Mrs. Woodman and the Misses Johnson, purchased by them in 1875, and once the farm of the famous Rev. George Burroughs, a victim of the witchcraft delusion of 1692. The name was bestowed by Mr. Whittier, suggested by a beautiful knoll in front of the house, upon which grew a large oak. Although remote from sea or lake, or running stream, the situation of "Oak-Knoll" is picturesque, the surface greatly diversified, and adorned with many handsome trees. The house itself is large and even pretentious, with great pillars and broad verandas; inside, a model of modern dwelling, homelike and hospitable. After the death of his beloved sister, and when he was left alone at Amesbury, Mr. Whittier yielded to the solicitations of his cousins, and made his home, a portion of the year, with them. There, surrounded with every comfort and attention, he passed many months of his happy old age. He received us with benignant cordiality, and it was not long before we were seated on the front veranda, chatting about things of account in our experiences. I had then but recently returned from a voyage to the West Indies, and the conversation very naturally turned upon my adventures there. I alluded to the evident interest the poet took in travel and the thousand things beyond the ken of the stay-at-home, and he told me that his chief delight was in the reading of the travels of other people. Since he himself could not go far afield, he liked to follow the globe-trotters in their books. I found him better informed regarding some of the islands I had visited than many another who had seen them; than Anthony Trollope, for instance, who had seen them all, had written a book about them, and knew next to nothing of them. I recalled the beauty of some of his descriptions, their verisimilitude; for example, two lines in one of his poems, in which the very atmosphere of the scene was brought to me again:

"Tis the fervid tropic moon-tide, faint and low the sea waves beat;
Hazy rise the inland mountains, through the glimmer of the heat."

"Yes," he said, "I always try to picture those scenes as the traveler himself had them before him. I can enter into the spirit of a book, and be absorbed by it."

This first visit to Whittier was in 1879, and I was then engaged in writing my first book, the proposed title of which I submitted to him, and he approved. Miss Larcom mentioned my discovery of some new birds, and particularly one species, about which the natives had woven a curious tradition. This was the "sunset-bird," which she afterward celebrated in one of her poems. After I had described its habits, Mr. Whittier remained in thought for the space of two or three minutes, and then, addressing Miss Larcom, said: "Lucy, does she know that is a fine subject for a poem?"

"Of course it is," she replied—"and I have already written it!" Shaking his finger at her, he rejoined: "Ah, Lucy, thee is always getting ahead of me." Then she looked at me and laughed. That musical ripple of soulful melody; who that ever heard it can forget? Like the bobolink's song, a joyous heart-outpouring.

"But come into my garden," said the poet; "the flowers are all in bloom, and you must take some home to Beverly."

We took them home with us; long since they are faded. Long since the voices of gladsome day are hushed; but their memory will endure with me to the end of my days.

Although Mr. Whittier is identified with three towns—Haverhill, Amesbury and Danvers—they are not far apart, and all in Essex County, Massachusetts. He was born, as we know, the seventeenth day of December, 1807, in a house built by his paternal ancestor, in the East Parish of Haverhill. His youth was passed on his father's farm. His first poem appeared in the *Free-Press* of Newburyport, of June

8, 1826; and he first saw it in print while engaged with his father mending a stone wall. His opportunities for schooling were limited, and, in 1828, he says: "I have renounced college for the good reason that I have no disposition to humble myself to meanness for an education." In that short interval he received the sum of his "collegiate" education.

From 1828-32 he was engaged in editorial work, in Boston, nearly every number of the paper he was editing, the *American Manufacturer*, containing a poem from his pen. In a letter written in 1833 he expresses the essence of his creed, to which he was always consistent. "I believe in the holy realities of friendship, pure, lofty, intellectual, a communion of kindred affinities, of mental similarities. I believe, too, that pure love which we feel for our friends is a part and portion of that love which we owe and offer to our Creator."

It was in the year 1836 that the ancestral farm was sold and the cottage in Amesbury bought, in which he lived as his home for fifty-six years—from which he was borne to his last earthly tenement. In his editorial work he had shown a decided aptitude for politics; and his tactics in dealing with politicians are well illustrated in his handling of Caleb Cushing, with whom he successfully strove, and over whom he won the victory every time they came into collision. His was a quiet, persistent force, constant and unyielding; he had the wisdom of the serpent, the harmless spirit of the dove.

"He was a shrewd judge of men, knew how to reach their weak points, and scrupled not to reach their consciences along the line of least resistance." He never worked for any personal advantage, but only for cause he considered worthy of conscientious effort. He did not confine himself to party, though always consistent to his principles, as his letter to the Hon. Robert Rantoul of Beverly, then the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, shows—a powerful plea for his services in aid of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

In 1839 appeared his first bound volume of poetry, "Mogg Magone," which was very favorably received. The next year he was in New York, as secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, where he made the acquaintance of the gifted Lucy Hooper, and, in 1841, he writes that he had been in company with the English Friend, Joseph Sturge. This reminds me of a visit I once paid to the representative of the Sturges, in the island of Montserrat, English West Indies, where they have been for years engaged in lime culture. Their plantations embrace a large portion of the lands of that small island, which is isolated, apart, one of the Caribbean chain, seldom visited by tourists. There I discovered a new species of bird, in 1880, which bears my name as its specific appellation. Mentioning this fact, at one time, to Mr. Whittier, he expressed himself as delighted to learn something of the remote commercial connections of a family of Friends with whom he had been so intimately familiar in his philanthropic work.

He was concerned with politics to an extent hardly realized by the present generation, but was always the power behind the throne. One turns with pleasure from his political work to his literary connections with the house most intimately identified with his best books.

His acquaintance with James T. Fields, who, in 1843, issued Whittier's "Lays of My Home and Other Poems," dates from 1839. From 1837-47 many of his best poems were published in the *Democratic Review*, and were received with favor, though the paper circulated chiefly in the South. The stirring poem, "Texas," was called forth by James Russell Lowell, in a letter of March 21, 1844. Two days before, Lowell had published, in the *Boston Courier*, his "Rallying Cry for New England against the Annexation of Texas." Whittier's biographer says, of these two poems, they "were ablaze with an indignation that was communicated to receptive minds throughout the North."

Whittier was for years the corresponding editor of the *Washington Era*, in the columns of which, in the years 1851-52, appeared the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL, MASS.

In the same paper first came to the light, it is said, the romances of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Mr. Whittier met her while in Washington, in '47, and read some of her first manuscripts. This venerable novelist, born but two years later than the subject of our sketch, still resides in a pleasant home in Georgetown, D. C., and is said to have perpetrated a novel for every year of her long life. To Mrs. Southworth is given the credit of having suggested to Whittier the poem of "Barbara Fritchie"—at least, of the incident—in 1863. And if this be true we can forgive her much on account of her romances.

Another noble woman with whom the poet maintained a lifelong friendship, and who was in constant correspondence with him for many years, is Mrs. Lippincott, better known to the literary world as "Grace Greenwood." She was as outspoken on the subject of slavery as the poet himself, and he gallantly rallied his forces about her when she suffered an unjust discrimination by a truckling publisher. "Grace Greenwood" also lives in Washington, in a handsome house on New Jersey Avenue;

and those who heard her witty paper, which she read before the Women's Council, in that city, at their last meeting, will join with me in testifying to the remarkable vigor and mental power of this famous woman. In conversation, a few months ago, she told me that the best of her correspondence with Whittier (though sent to his literary executor) had not been used; and this leads me to hope that it will some time see the light under her own supervision. Her reminiscences of the poet are many and pleasant, and will probably appear in her personal memoirs.

The poet was forty-two years of age when the first complete volume of his poems appeared, in 1849, published by B. B. Mussey, who offered him five hundred dollars for his copyrights and a percentage. And, to the lasting credit of this publisher, let it be noted that, as the volume met with an unexpectedly large sale, he earned the poet's gratitude by paying him more than he agreed! It should also be



"OAK-KNOLL," SOUTH.

noted that, with this work, his literary labor first met with recognition, in a pecuniary way. That is, he was forty-two years old before he made any money by his pen, except as editor of a paper.

His "Songs of Labor" appeared in 1850; and it was about this time that he wrote to Fields a whimsical letter congratulating him on his marriage, urging that all old bachelors should be "made examples of." He always acknowledged Fields's help in literary criticism, which, though unasked, was gratefully accepted. For, it must be confessed, some of Whittier's rhymes were very slovenly, even after revision, though his own powers of critical analysis were keen and correct.

His indignation at the outrageous attack upon Sumner, in 1856, was intense, and was expressed in a letter to his fellow-citizens of Amesbury, read at a mass meeting: "The crisis in our destiny has come. Let us not be betrayed into threats. Leave violence where it belongs—with the wrongdoer. It is more than folly to talk of fighting slavery when we have not yet agreed to vote against it. Our business is with poll-boxes, not with cartridge-boxes; with ballots, not bullets! The path of duty is plain. God's providence calls us to walk in it. Let me close by repeating: Forget, forgive, and unite!" His letters to Sumner were a source of comfort and strength to that doughty champion of freedom.

Whittier was also a great admirer of Fremont, as was his sister Elizabeth, who wrote to Lucy Larcom, in '58, urging her to write a Fremont campaign song, which she did. At the request of Mr. Charles A. Dana, Whittier also wrote a ringing campaign song and rallying-cry.

Whittier's record during the war is a matter of history, for no one can forget the stirring appeals he made (though a man of peace), nor his interest in our soldiers. In December, 1863, he wrote Lucy Larcom: "How I like thy 'Loyal Woman's No.' It is grand in its indignant pride of patriotism." And it is recorded of him that his advice to a Quaker, who was uneasy for fear that the timber he was furnishing the Portsmouth Navy Yard should go into a warship, yet unable to pass the opportunity for selling it, was: "My friend, if thee does furnish any of that timber thee spoke of, be sure it is all sound!" The timber was furnished, and became part of the framework of the famous "Kearsarge."

His share in the profits of the first issue of "Snow-Bound" amounted, it is said, to the sum of ten thousand dollars. It was written in 1865, when he was fifty-eight years old, and this may be said to have been the beginning of his real prosperity. Such a venture having been so remunerative, his publishers urged him to try another, and the "Tent on the Beach" was the result. August 18, 1866, we find him writing to Fields: "The 'Tent on the Beach' is not pitched yet; nay, more, the very cloth of it is not woven." But, December 28, he sent his friend "copy" for the entire work. "The result is before thee. Put it in type or on the fire—I am content. Thee must get some of thy clerks to fish up the ballads, which are all in the *Atlantic*." On the 1st of February he writes: "I am glad to know that the 'Tent' is set up." To Mrs. Fields, who wished him to read some of his poems for charity, he writes: "Thee ask a miracle of me. Anything within the bounds of possibility I would do, as thee knows very well. But don't ask me to stand up and read my own rhymes, to a Boston audience."

Holmes did not have that diffidence, as everybody knows. One of my treasured remembrances of Holmes is of his appearance at the meeting in honor of Bayard Taylor, when he read some of his own verses. The only time I saw him after that was on a bleak winter's day, as he was crossing Boston Common. He had just alighted from a horse-car, and one of the long straws with which the floor of the car was covered was clinging to his leg. My last glimpse of the Autocrat was with that straw trailing after him, and, for the life of me, I cannot disassociate that straw from Dr. Holmes; my mental picture of him is not complete without it.



WHITTIER'S HOME AT AMESBURY, MASS.

In 1867, at the age of sixty, Whittier wrote to Grace Greenwood: "At one time last winter it seemed hardly possible that I should live to see the orchards bloom again; but here I am still. God be praised therefor." Yet he lived twenty-five years after that, though all his life he had been feeble, and at times an invalid.

In 1876 Whittier was sought out by Dom Pedro, on his visit to this country, and was particularly honored by the Emperor. I have heard an account of the meeting, from one who professed to know about it, and who told me that Dom Pedro was so delighted to meet the poet that he took him up his arms and embraced him. More than this, that he carried him in his arms either up or down the stairs of the house in which they happened to be. One may imagine the staid poet's disgust at such a greeting, mingled with his real liking, or admiration, rather, for the Emperor. That same year we find a reaffirmation of his creed, in a letter to a friend: "It is one thing to hold fast to the faith of our fathers, and quite another to set up the five points of Calvinism, like so many thunder-rods, over a bad life, in the insane hope of avoiding the divine displeasure. . . . It is the conquering of innate selfish propensities that makes the saint; and the giving up unduly to impulses that in their origin are necessary to the preservation of life that makes the sinner." Is not that last sentence the sanest statement of the origin of human ills that a man can give to his fellow-sinner?

In 1886, to Grace Greenwood, Whittier wrote: "I spent last summer among the New Hampshire hills, as I have done for several years. Nature never disappoints me. I think every year of my life makes me more sensitive to the beauty of all about us." He had early turned to those New Hampshire hills for strength, for inspiration; just how early I do not know, but, in 1863, I find him writing to Lucy Larcom: "But glorious October will make amends. How the maple splendors will climb the hills of Campton. What hues will be mirrored in the Pemigewasset. In what a radiant transfiguration will Winnipesaukee indulge!"

A favorite resort of his was West Ossipee and the region about there; the "Bear-camp Water" he particularly celebrated in his verse. As many of my summers had been spent in that region of New England, and as I wished to visit those hallowed by association with the name of the beloved poet, I wrote him, in 1886, asking for a list of his favorite resorts. His reply is dated "Danvers, 6th Mo., 12th, 1886."

"Dear Friend Ober—I have spent most of my time at West Ossipee and Conway, the Intervale, Fryeburg, etc., and the whole region of the Sandwich and Ossipee Mts., the Winnipesaukee and Squam Lake, Center Harbor, Plymouth, Campton and Holderness. The White Mts. I have only passed through. At present, I am not certain when and where I shall visit the hills."

Mr. Whittier was shy of visitors, so many coming merely from a vulgar curiosity; but he always welcomed his friends, always held for them a warm and sheltered corner, free from intrusion. Knowing as I did, how many "pestered" him, I held aloof, when I often wished to see him; but I was rewarded for my discretion by the



WHITTIER'S FAVORITE CORNER IN THE "LIBRARY" AT AMESBURY

welcome when we met. The last summer we were together, among the New Hampshire hills, was at the Asquam House, on Shepard's Hill, overlooking the beautiful Squam Lake. This was a favorite resort of his, and he always visited there, if circumstances favored. He liked to sit, even for hours, on the veranda of the Asquam, or on one of the large rocks sheltered from observation, and watch the shadows chasing shadows across the many-islanded lake.

And I remember with what affectionate eagerness he greeted my wife and myself as we alighted from the stage the day of our arrival. The friends he had expected to meet him there had not come, and we in a measure took their place. He asked the landlord to make a place for us by his side, at table, and in many ways offered little attentions to my companion, who had apparently won his heart. She was young, receptive, attentive, and he found in her a congenial comrade in his short walks about the hill. While I might be out on the lake fishing, or tramping about the hills, he and she wandered together over the rocky pastures, neither of them strong enough to go far afield; for it was her last summer on earth. Such confidences he gave her as seemed too sacred for me to share; and I only received a hint of the nature of them, confirmed in the letter he wrote me, only six months later, and which is given here, as perhaps throwing a light upon the secret sorrow of his life:

"Oh, my friend, I am very sorry—thy great loss. Last summer, at the Asquam, I saw enough of thy dear wife to admire her; I thought her very lovely. Ah, my friend, I can say from experience, that 't is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Her dear memory will be a precious legacy. The love she gave thee will be a priceless treasure. God bless and care for thee. All our folks send love and sympathy. Thy friend—John G. Whittier."

Private griefs are not to be paraded, but whatever reflects the emotions of one whose life the world shares should not be withheld. The most precious of my legacies is that picture of the aged poet and the child-wife, in whom the flame of life was flickering, gathering flowers in that rocky pasture above the lake. In the celestial fields both wander, now, perhaps in divine companionship. Both seemed

(Continued on page 15.)

CHILDREN'S HOUR.

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

"I wish we could have a club, and lots of fun as other people do," said Joey Nelliby one afternoon as he sat discontentedly by his mother's side, watching her busy needle as it flew in and out the buttonholes of a dark-gray jacket she was repairing for him.

"Why can't you?"

"The best reason in the world. All those things take a lot of money, and of time, and of planning; we have no money to spare, you have no time, and I don't know how to plan very well. Oh, we just can't, and that is all there is about it!"

"I am not so certain," replied his mother.

"Why, mother! You don't mean—"

"Don't mean what, my boy?" for Joey had paused. "That poor people like us can do anything."

"The very best things in all this world, Joey, have been done by poor people, and I think they always will be. In the first place, what would be the object of your club?"

"To have the girls and boys meet regularly and have a good time. I suppose, though, you think there ought to be something more than that."

"Yes, Joey, mamma is old-fashioned enough to think there always ought to be something more than that."

"Well, then, suppose it be for—mutual improvement, I suppose you would say."

"Mutual improvement" you evidently think does not sound very attractive, Joey."

"No, indeed! It sounds just the opposite."

"Then let us see if we can't think of some other name that will mean just as much, but has a more attractive sound, particularly to girls and boys."

"Now, mother, if you belonged to a club, would you want it to have such a name?"

"Perhaps not, Joey."

"I do so want just a good time, mother dear."

"Pleasure instead of duty! But have you ever thought of pleasant duties?" questioned Mrs. Nelliby. "Those that spring from the pure, sweet fountain of love?"

"Pleasant duties! That's a happy thought, mamma."

"Now we have a name for your club, Joey. The Happy Thought Club. And the next question is, what shall be its aim?"

"Yes, mamma, and who shall belong to it?"

"Shall we consider the last question first, my dear? Whom would you like to have become members?"

"All the girls and boys who are agreeable."

"Might it not be a 'happy thought' to admit some who are not very agreeable, and help them to become so?"

"Oh, mamma! Could Angie Ward or Dick Sands ever be anything but disagreeable?"

"I saw Angie once when I thought she was very agreeable."

"When, mamma? I can't imagine Angie being agreeable."

"It was when her grandmother fell and injured herself so seriously. Angie was exceedingly anxious, and the most deft-handed little woman in waiting upon and nursing her that I have ever seen in any sick-room. She assisted the doctor with the bandages better than I could have done, and he remarked: 'Angie, you have the touch of a trained nurse.' Was not that high praise?"

"Yes, indeed! But then, mamma, a girl who can be agreeable and won't be like a bird who can sing and won't, is she not?"

"Suppose we make Angie sing. Evidently her grandmother was the only person who cared much about the poor child, and she surely returned her love in the best possible manner."

"Must all the club members love Angie Ward so that she may become agreeable?" asked the boy, with a gleam of mischief in his brown eyes.

"They might begin by giving her some pleasant office, and by showing that they are depending upon her for advice and assistance."

"Another 'happy thought,' mamma."

"Where is your pencil, Joey? It might be well to jot down the 'happy thoughts' as we go along."

Pencil and note-book were quickly found, and the three "happy thoughts" already noted were carefully written by Joey.

"Now about Dick," said Mrs. Nelliby.

"Well, mamma, after all, perhaps poor Dick is not so very much to blame. His mother frets at him all the time, and you know that is not calculated to make any one agreeable."

Dick is careless, and I suspect that his mother is a little too particular in some respects, or perhaps not quite wise in her way of showing it. Now what can be done for Dick? If the lad is half as thoughtless as he has the reputation of being we cannot give him any office, that is certain."

"But can't we place him on some general committee where he will feel himself to be useful, and yet there won't be too much depending upon just himself alone?" asked Joey.

"Another 'happy thought,' my dear, and suppose you so write it."

"Aren't we having all the 'happy thoughts'?" queried Joey.

"There will be enough left to keep the girls and boys in Hickstown busy all winter," was the reply. "And if all but Angie and Dick are agreeable, we might pass on to the next consideration," continued Mrs. Nelliby. "What shall be the aim of our club?"

"'Happy thoughts,'" replied Joey, "as already decided. But will there be more than one kind?"

"Ever so many. But even 'happy thoughts' don't amount to any certain sum, you know, unless they bear fruit; and neither will our talk this afternoon unless we induce the girls and boys to come together

For nearly of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind, colic, regulates the bowels, eases diarrhea, whooping-cough, &c. It is a safe remedy. Two drams a day.

and organize. How many can you see in half an hour, Joey?"

"Not more than two or three if I have to stop and explain everything," was the reply.

"But if you don't?"

"Half a dozen at least, including our two lovely disagreeables."

"Well, see all you can, and invite them to an apple taffy frolic this evening."

"You are the very best mamma!" exclaimed the boy, as, throwing down paper and pencil, he sprang to his mother's side and gave her a real "bearish" hug.

"I think you may take a full three-quarters of an hour," continued Mrs. Nelliby, "and perhaps you will have opportunity to send word to some whom you cannot see. It might, however, be a 'happy thought' if you should first pick up that note-book and pencil, and fill the tea-kettle."

These matters were quickly attended to, and then Joey rushed out on the street with a ringing "hurrah."

"What's up now, Joey?" called Sammie Howe, whom he met just outside the gate.

"Well, you're in luck, Sam—or I am," supplemented the lad, with an afterthought that politeness did not require him to congratulate a playmate upon an invitation he himself was about to extend. "Mamma has just given me permission to ask all the girls and boys I can see within the next three-quarters of an hour to an apple taffy frolic at our house this evening. Can you come, Sammie?"

"Thank you; I am in luck! Lessons for to-morrow are all learned, so I don't think mamma will say no." "Would you mind, Sammie, asking Julia and Belle Hunt as you pass their house? You see this is a kind of an—an-impromptu"—Joey hesitated a little over the word—"an impromptu sort of an affair, so we don't have to be as particular about the manner of giving invitations."

"All right! I'll bring both the girls with me," was the reply.

It did not take very long to summon quite a party, and by eight o'clock a dozen bright-faced girls and boys had gathered in Mrs. Nelliby's cozy home. At first the apple taffy absorbed all attention, but at an opportune moment Mrs. Nelliby broached the subject of the club, by saying:

"Our apple taffy party, Joey, seems to have been a 'happy thought,' judging by the bright faces I see."

"We are having such a good time, dear Mrs. Nelliby," said Angie Ward, who had been "gay as a lark," and thoroughly agreeable all the evening. Truth to tell, Angie had received very few invitations to such gatherings, and the honor of having been asked to make one of this party had chased all scowls from her face and all ill-nature from her heart.

"Then why not organize a 'Happy Thought Club,'" asked Joey, "and have good times all winter? Mamma and I were talking it over to-day, and we thought it would be pleasant."

A medley of "How lovely!" "That's just the thing!" "Oh, do let us!" "Hurrah!" "I second the motion!" was shouted by a dozen happy voices.

"What is the first thing to be done?" inquired Sammie.

"To appoint a temporary chairman and secretary," replied Mrs. Nelliby.

"Would you mind being chairman just for this evening, Mrs. Nelliby?" inquired Dick; and then, seemingly abashed by his boldness, added: "It would start us right, you know."

"There is nothing like 'starting right,'" replied Mrs. Nelliby, "and I am perfectly willing to do all I can. However, as the chairman is supposed to a very dignified individual who has little to say in the meeting, would it not be as well to choose some one else for that position, and allow me to act as—what shall we say?—prompter-in-ordinary, perhaps, and I will give every one all the hints possible, so that at the next meeting you can manage without assistance?"

"That was a 'happy thought,'" cried Joey, "and I nominate Julia Hunt for temporary chairman. Is that proper, mamma?"

"Eminently so, my dear; and if some one will second the motion a vote can be taken."

This was at once done, and Julia Hunt installed as chairman of the meeting.

"A secretary will be the only other officer needed this evening," suggested Mrs. Nelliby.

"Please tell us whom to nominate," said Julia Hunt.

"I think Angie would fill the position nicely," replied Mrs. Nelliby; and Angie was duly elected.

The chairman then appointed a committee on permanent organization, who were to draft a constitution and by-laws, which Mrs. Nelliby suggested should be brief and informal, for consideration and adoption at the next meeting, which it was decided should be held at Mrs. Nelliby's one week from that evening, when the election of officers would also be in order. It was suggested that each member should bring a neatly written "happy thought," which the secretary would present to the meeting. Those present were requested to invite others to join the club, and also to obtain all possible suggestions from fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts.

The meeting then adjourned, and the enthusiastic children dispersed, all declaring Mrs. Nelliby "too lovely for anything," and wild over the "Happy Thought Club."

After the adoption of constitution and by-laws at the next meeting, twenty-five members were enrolled, and the following officers elected:

Joey, president—"because, you know, he has a mother who will help him;" poor Dick sorrowfully suggested; Julia Hunt, first vice-president; Sammie Howe, second; Angie Ward, secretary; and Nelson Harris, treasurer. Dick was named first on the board of advisory committee.

Such fun as there was when Angie read the "happy thoughts," each one of which was duly considered and acted upon. They were of all kinds and qualities. Sammie Howe "brought down the house" by a suggestion from his father that it would be a particularly "happy thought" if the boys would remember to keep their shoes cleaned and polished.

"I don't see why that isn't a good idea," said Joey.

"I know some of us are scolded because we don't remember, and a scolding doesn't make any one feel very happy." Mother said this should be a kind of "mutual improvement" society, only she thought the name might not sound very attractive to us."

"I don't think it does," remarked Angie, "though doubtless we might become much more attractive by being mutually improved."

"The question is before the meeting," reminded Joey. "Will some one second it that discussion may be in order?"

It was promptly seconded; but Belle Hunt urged that girls' shoes were not polished as were boys', and therefore they would be left out of one "happy thought."

"Perhaps it can be amended in some way so as to include the girls," Joey suggested; and finally their secretary came to the rescue by moving an amendment, or rather adding a clause, that the girls should keep the buttons neatly sewed on their shoes; and it was then carried amid much merriment.

"After all, there is some fun in being 'mutually improved,'" said Dick.

It would take too long to tell of all the "happy thoughts" that were brought before the club that winter. Of how feeble Mrs. Barnes, who lived alone with a little granddaughter, and was not very well off in this world's goods, "though abundantly forehanded in the next," as Angie's grandmother once remarked, had all her snow paths promptly shoveled by members of the "Happy Thought Club"; and how warm underclothing was provided for the little Nheels, whose father was not living, and whose mother struggled hard to make a comfortable living for them. But it was not all work, not by a good deal. There were evenings when the "happy thought" took the form of charades, tableaux, or electionary and musical entertainments, to which friends were invited; and some way a "happy thought" seemed always to come in time to spare the feelings of any unfortunate member like Angie, at whose home not even the club could be welcomed.

It seemed ever so much easier for the class in history to become interested in the study and have perfect lessons after Julia Hunt had suggested that it might be a "happy thought" "if the members of that history class would take a little more pride in doing themselves credit, and cease to torment their teacher so much."

The charm of the "Happy Thought Club" worked well. Dick's mother ceased to be so fretful and fault-finding when the boy became more thoughtful and considerate; while he, in turn, was willing and even anxious to do well when his best efforts were no longer ungraciously met. Angie grew positively lovely, and every father and mother in the town averred that their child, or children, had improved more that winter than ever before in the same space of time; while Joey came to the conclusion that his mother was right—"as she almost always is," he supplemented—when she said that poor people were the ones who usually accomplished the most good in the world.

THE EDITOR OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY warns every girl and boy who has read the above story to be prepared for a very delightful surprise to be announced in the next number. Look out for it. Every young person will vote it to be an unusually "happy thought."

BARON HENRY DE WORMS is a very rich Jew who is, we learn, about to be transformed from an Austrian into an English baron. As Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's last Government Baron Henry de Worms was a pitiable failure. When heckled over the estimates of the Colonial Office the Baron became confused and helpless, and one of his colleagues had frequently to rescue him from his tormentors. And yet the Baron is by no means devoid of ability. He speaks languages like a Russian diplomatist or a Levantine Greek, and during the abortive negotiations with the foreign delegates about sugar bounties he was invaluable, for he could discuss "drawbacks" in Dutch, French, German or Italian. But he had set his heart on being Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and he did not pretend to take any interest in the business of the Colonial Office, which he was too lazy to master. Baron de Worms is an effective platform speaker; he has something of Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett's full-bodied style, and dearly loves spread-eagle perorations.

A good story is told about the Baron and the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph, as is well known, was the first parliamentary general to make of his followers a disciplined army. One night he had put Baron de Worms up to speak, hoping to "draw" Mr. Gladstone. As soon as the G. O. M. began to take notes Lord Randolph hoped the Baron would sit down; but alas! he went on. Lord Randolph pulled his coat-tail. "Cut it short, for goodness sake!" But in spite of the hint the Baron continued. Suddenly Lord Randolph lost his temper; leaning forward he plucked the Baron's coat again. "Sit down, I say," and down the Baron sat. By-the-bye, dear old Smith once ventured to pull Mr. Matthews's coat-tails, whereupon Lord Landaff, turning round, and glaring through his spectacles at Old Morality, said with much asperity, "Really, I cannot undertake to conduct the debate if I am to be interrupted in this way." Old Smith shrugged his shoulders, but never took the liberty again. Baron de Worms was more humble, or rather the difference between Mr. Smith and Lord Randolph Churchill was enormous.

Mother—"Your pen-wiper has never been used at all."

Little Johnny—"Don't need it. My new pants is black."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Mr. Editor—I read how Mr. Walton made \$47 a month. I am only seventeen, but can beat that. I received a fine outfit from Gray & Co., Columbus, O., for plating gold, silver, nickel and white metal. It was complete, all materials, formulas, trade secrets and instructions, they teach their agents. I never plated a brass-ware in five minutes, to test. Made \$30 first week plating table-ware and jewelry, got second, \$25 last month. Brother makes \$60 a day selling outfit, get all I can do. Anyone can do as well by having good outfit. Hard times can't starve me.

WM. WETMORE.

